

Summer Reading

for 1914

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of the Publishers' Weekly

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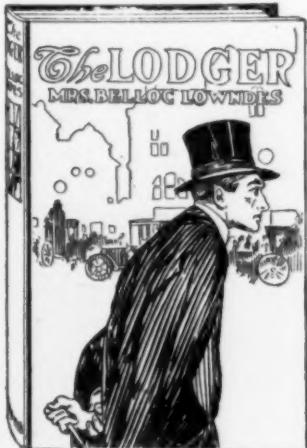


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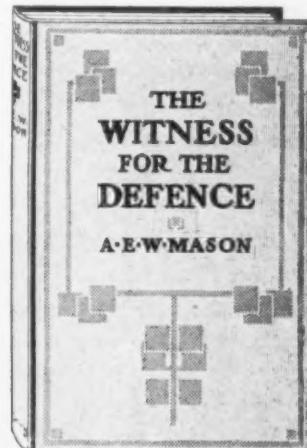
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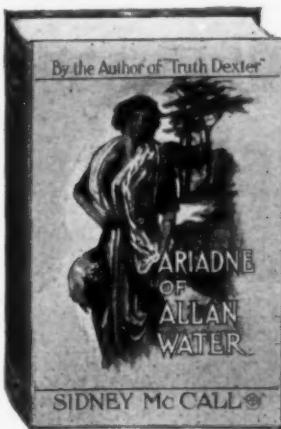
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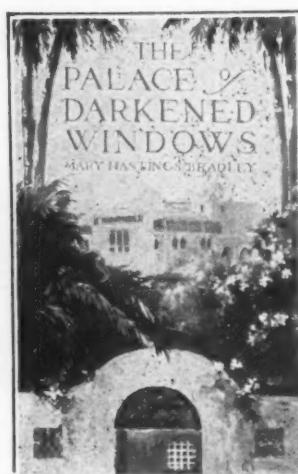
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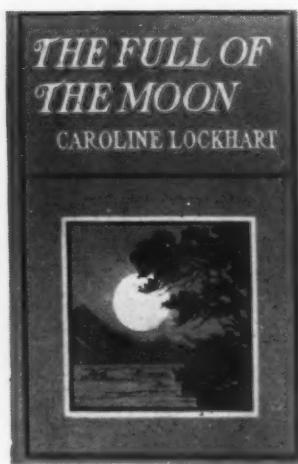
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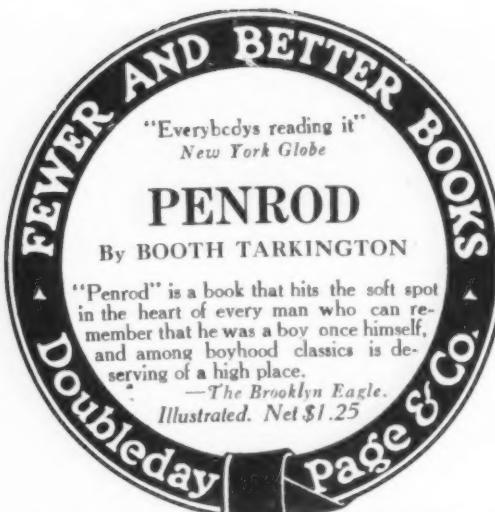
THE
JOY BOOK

The Milky Way T. Tennyson Jesse

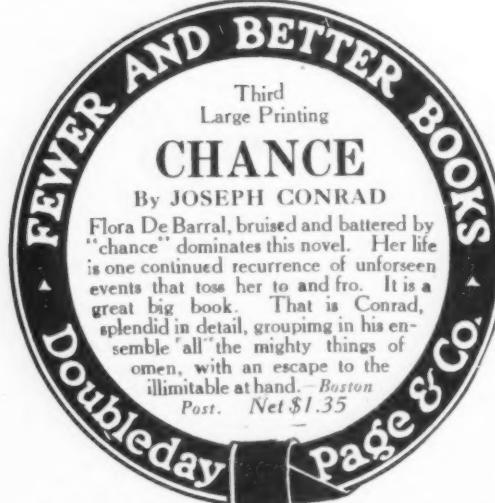
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The London Tatler has christened this the JOY Book and the Joy Book it is. Then *The Tatler* review goes on to say: "And this would be the book I would choose for the darkest, foggiest evening. It is the liveliest, most lovable, jolliest, most entertaining story that I have come across for months."

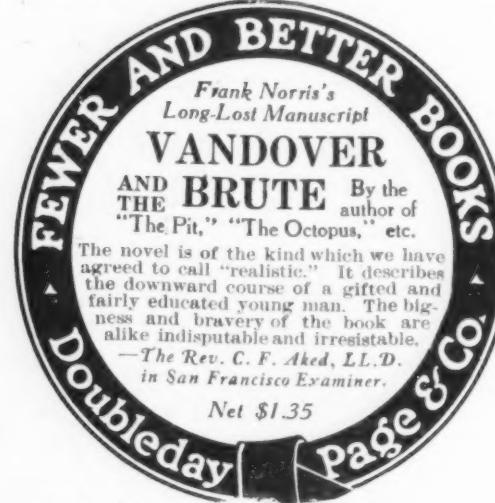
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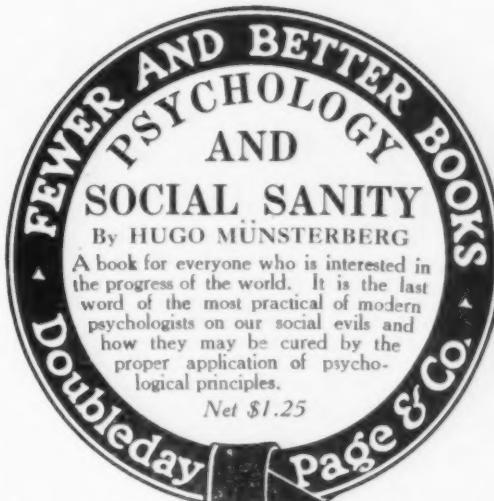
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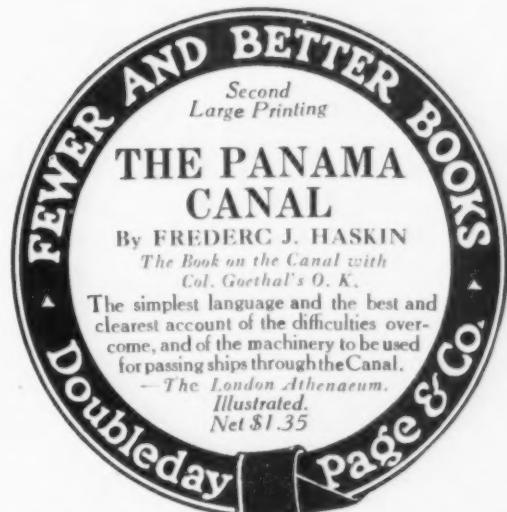
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FROM "BEATING BACK" BY AL JENNINGS AND WILL IRWIN
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Some Chat of Books for Vacation Reading

THE atavism that prompts man to plant a garden—and even grow apple trees—cannot be stilled in this season of new green shoots and varnished twigs. The publishers, as usual, are only too ready to put temptation in the path of those who would run away and dig up the ground, and it seems only right to mention a few of the books that the business man must avoid if he would escape being enticed into woodland and meadow. "That Farm" by H. Whittingham (Doubleday, Page) should never be permitted to fall into the hands of the city dweller who is inclined to feel rebellious at the sight of his office, for it tells the story of a man who left the brick and mortar and bought a farm—and lived to regret that he hadn't done it sooner.

¶

"THE Commuter's Garden" (Crowell) teaches the first steps, for it is written for the amateur and has been called "first aid to the city man." The back yard or small suburban plot can be made to blossom if the general directions here laid down are followed. Care of the lawn and shrubbery are taken up and other matters which the commuter wants to

know about. "Everyman's Garden Every Week" (Dodd, Mead) is also written for the amateur and contains much carefully arranged information, with a chapter for each week from April to September. The chapter on "Garden Eugenics" indicates that the author, Charles A. Selden of the *New York Evening Post*, believes that much depends on giving vegetables a right start.

¶

BUT suppose you have already run away to the country and refused ever to go back—suppose you have a flourishing garden of many colors—what are you going to do next to get into mischief? There's no need at all to be discouraged. The active man can find plenty of occupations to disturb the peace of the family and keep them in a constant state of uneasiness as to what will happen next. For instance, did you ever try building an artificial lake? Or constructing crow's-nests and tree-houses? Or a garden stairway? Lippincott has published a fascinating book on this subject, "The Practical Book of Garden Architecture," by Phoebe Westcott Humphreys, full of suggestions for the man with large income

and the man with small income. Aside from the garden accessories noted above, instruction is given about making gates and gateways, terrace walls, garden fountains, tennis courts, temples and belvederes, garden lanterns, waterfalls, Japanese garden effects and many other features that make a garden so full of surprises that you half expect to find in some big tree a door leading into fairyland.



ANOTHER good way to get into mischief is to keep chickens. Chickens are so engagingly foolish—so human in their curiosity, and enormous interest in trivial matters. The latest approved methods of bringing up chickens are set forth in "The Back Yard Farmer" by Willard Bolte (Forbes & Co.), a volume which gives, by the way, much other useful information on garden crops, hot beds and similar matters. Another book from the same publisher, "Success With Hens" by Robert Joos, is entirely concerned with poultry raising.



AND when the neighbor complains that your chickens come into his garden don't be angry with him—tell him about that little McBride Nast book on "Making Fences, Walls and Hedges," a dainty manual on constructions that are for the most part simple, but of good design. Tell him there's lots of fun in making fences.

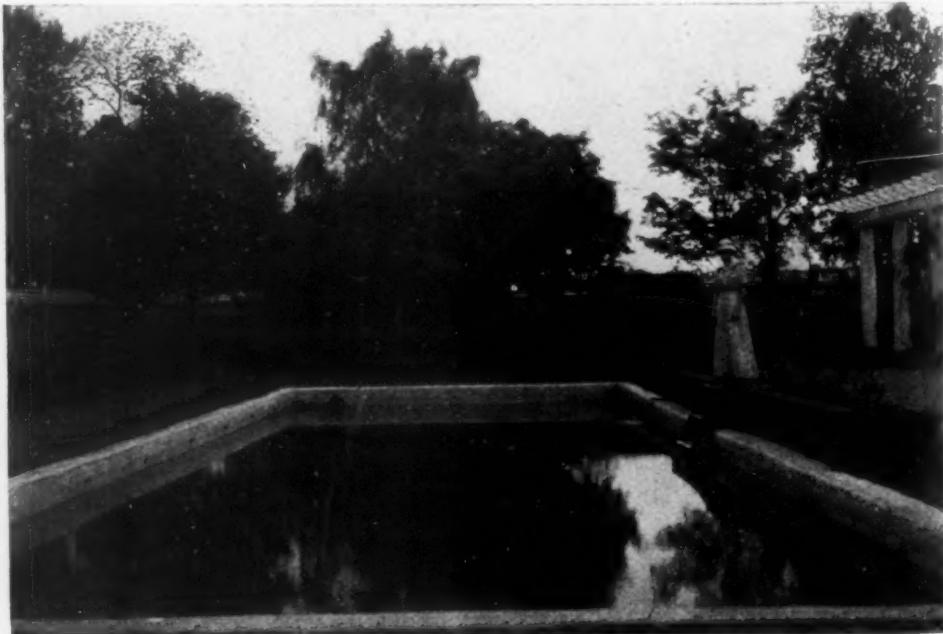


THERE are people who never read the classics in summer-time because they prefer light fiction; and those—undeniably—are the people who never read the classics in winter-time because they are too busy. But there are other people, wise people, who apply Emma McChesney's "roast beef, medium" principle to literature, and instead of experimenting with new literary dishes of doubtful savor and nutrient prefer the well tested, thoroughly sound ones—Eliot,

Dickens, Stevenson, Scott, Thackeray, Poe, Dumas, Hugo, Shakespeare—yes, even Shakespeare. These authors are light in the best sense, for they are among the Nelson India paper authors, and come in a form so compact, so light, so handy and so legible withal that they can always be depended upon for odd hours and even odd minutes. Into the pocket they go—and out again they come when the boat is on the sand bar and you're waiting for the tide to rise.



ALL this cannot be denied—yet one other volume must go with the standard author if your vacation is to be a real *vacation*. It is all very well to read classics with her on the beach in the afternoons and explain the Mexican situation to her (and doubtless there will



OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL

FROM "THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF GARDEN ARCHITECTURE" BY PHOEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS

J. B. Lippincott Co.

be some kind of a Mexican situation at that time)—it is all very well to console yourself with the thought that your mental attainments make the attainments of that other young-man-on-a-vacation retire into a dark shadow; but—face the fact honestly—how are you *really* going to feel when that other-young-man-on-a-vacation dances the maxixe with her—and the half and half—and even the tango! There's a dance at the club or the hotel (and you'll surely find them dancing this season even if you go to darkest South America)—and you who can interpret Bergson and Eucken will not even be able to invite her to have a lame duck with you! All because you neglected to buy one of those

half-dozen manuals on the new dances that the publishers have so thoughtfully prepared for you. Among the books on this subject are "Modern Dancing" by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle (Harper), "The Tango and Other Up-to-Date Dances" (Saalfield) and "Social Dancing of To-day, demonstrated by John Murray Anderson" (Stokes). Most of the new dances are by no means difficult to learn. The tango, indeed, requires much practicing. It is said that if you want an ideal tango partner you must marry her—but plenty of vacations end that way anyhow.

5

AN identification system whereby any escaped wild flower out of its proper zone or time can be caught and brought to terms is offered in Lippincott's "Flower Finder" by George L. Walton, an attractively bound pocket manual containing 590 drawings and photographs. There you have the flower's name set forth with all its aliases, data as to the shape of its leaves and their manner of growing, its color, its petal-shape and even something of its family history. Not a single flower can escape you. "I know you!" you cry, "you Bulbus Buttercup! You *Ranunculus bulbosus* of the Crawfoot family! You can't pretend you're *Ranunculus recurvatus*—that's your cousin. That has seed-vessels with hooked beaks! I know that *ranunculus* means"—here you glance at your handbook, carefully keeping one eye on the flower—"means tadpole! And you've no business to be out on the second of July. Your months are May and June!" So you pick it, and take it home with you, and that teaches it not to defy the text-book and the calendar. Any conscientious man will find a great deal of satisfaction in thus keeping the woods free from anachronisms.

5

IF you plan to give Bobby "Harper's Book for Young Gardeners; how to make the best use of a little land"—calculate the expense carefully. The little land may not cost

much, the tools and seeds are a trifle, but the soap item must be reckoned with. Even a little land applied to a little boy will make a decided change in his appearance, especially when mixed with a little water from a little watering pot. However, it has been determined, after long and careful experiment, that little girls and little boys are made of washable material, and will not shrink, so that, always provided the soap is at hand, they are guaranteed to emerge from their gardening experiment as good as new.

5

THE Nullo Count is not a foreign nobleman—it is the latest addition to that ever-developing game of auction-bridge. In spite of the increase in handbooks on dancing, the handbooks on bridge show no signs of de-



SPRAYING ROSES
FROM "THE COMMUTER'S GARDEN" BY WALTER B. HAYWARD
Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

crease. Perhaps "dummy" is allowed to run off and dance while her partner works out his salvation. Among this year's manuals are: "Royal Auction Bridge With Nullos," a new edition of R. F. Foster's recognized handbook (Stokes), "Complete Auction Bridge" by A. R. Metcalfe (Browne & Howell), "Auction Bridge" by W. G. Lilies (Barse & Hopkins), "Auction Bridge in Ten Lessons" by G. G. Montgomery (Scribner), "Royal Auction Bridge Up-to-Date, Including Nullos" by H. P. Clark (Dodd, Mead).



CONSIDER the little busy bird, how he builds! First he selects his locality, then the actual spot that pleases him best. And with his building material he sets to work and constructs, on a preconceived plan, a dwelling that suits his every need. *He doesn't want a second-hand house!* "There are no birds in last year's nests." And those who build their own houses know just how he feels. "Building by a Builder," a Doubleday, Page publication by Benjamin A. Howes, is addressed to the man who is about to build his own house for the

first time. It aims to answer his first questions—and to answer them impartially, without the bias of the manufacturer interested in specific building material or type of construction.



ALMOST any summer resort will give you the unparalleled view you seek if only you look in the right direction—indeed if the landscape be bare and treeless the view in question will be only the finer. Summer is the time to get acquainted with the stars. Among the new handbooks describing the appearance and habits of the celestial bodies the following will be of special value to the amateur: "The Call of the Stars" by J. R. Kippax (Putnam) told concisely in non-technical language; "The Essence of Astronomy" by E. W. Price (Putnam) "things everyone should know about the sun, moon and stars"; "The Elements of Descriptive Astronomy" by E. O. Tancock (Oxford Univ.) and "Are the Planets Inhabited?" by E. W. Maunder, an addition to "Harper's Library of Living Thought." What could be pleasanter than for a group of people—or even two people—to spend the evenings studying out constellations under the beautiful stars?



IN the vast summer playground of Europe there are so many cozy corners that no one person has ever seen them all. There are enough fascinating places to keep the traveler traveling all summer, and places of enough fascination to keep him stationary for months. And there are plenty of handbooks and art books to keep him in an eternal state of indecision. Among the latest are "Tramps Through Tyrol" by F. W. Stoddard (Pott); "Three Weeks in France" (Reilly & Britton); "As It Is in England" by Albert B. Osborne (McBride Nast); "On Old-World Highways," a book of motor rambles by Thomas D. Murphy (Page); "Dutch Days" by May E. Hall (Moffat Yard); "Camping in Crete"—a delightfully alliterative occupation—by A. B. R. Trevor Battye (Scribner). "Europe After 8.15" (Lane) is an original volume, written around five of Europe's most prominent cities. Even those who do not expect to stay out as late as that should be interested to learn what they are missing.



FROM "OVERLAND RED," AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL
Houghton Mifflin Co.



ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON GRANT
FROM "PENROD" BY BOOTH TARKINGTON
Doubleday, Page & Co.

Sample Bits From the Season's Best Books

Fiction

MRS. BITTS BREAKS UP THE SHOW.

From Booth Tarkington's "Penrod." (Doubleday, Page.)

Penrod is just a small boy and Duke is just a shaggy, devoted dog, and together they manage to do a number of things that to small-boyhood are perfectly natural and logical, but to grown-uphood are anathema. Roderick Magsworth Bitts, in order to gain distinction, claims to be the nephew of the celebrated murderer, Rena Magsworth, recently convicted. He is at once admitted, by the awed and impressed Penrod, to the Schofield & Williams New Big Show.

THE Big Show was at high tide . . . when a crested victoria arrived at a gallop, and a large, chastely magnificent and highly flushed woman descended and progressed across the yard with an air of violence.

At sight of her, the adults of the waiting line hastily disappeared, and most of the pausing vehicles moved instantly on their way. She was followed by a stricken man in livery.

The stairs to the auditorium were narrow and steep; Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts was of a stout favour; and the voice of Penrod was audible during the ascent.

"Re-mem-bur, giltilmun and lay-deeze, each and all are now gazing upon Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, the only living nephew of the great Rena Magsworth. She stuck ars'nic in the milk of eight separate and distinck people to put in their coffee and each and all of 'em died. The great ars'nic murderer, Rena Magsworth, gentilmun and lay-deeze, and Roddy's her only living nephew. She's a relation of all the Bitts family, but he's her one and only living nephew. Re-mem-bur! Next July she's goin' to be hung, and, each and all, you now see before you—"

Penrod paused abruptly, seeing something before himself—the august and awful pres-

ence which filled the entryway. And his words (it should be related) froze upon his lips.

Before herself, Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts saw her son—her scion—wearing a moustache and sideburns of blue, and perched upon a box flanked by Sherman and Verman, the Michigan rats, the Indian dog Duke, Herman, and the dog part alligator.

Roddy, also, saw something before himself. It needed no prophet to read the countenance of the dread apparition in the entryway. His mouth opened—remained open—then filled to capacity with a calamitous sound of grief not unmixed with apprehension.

Penrod's reason staggered under the crisis. For a horible moment he saw Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts approaching like some fatal mountain in avalanche. She seemed to grow larger and redder; lightnings played about her head; he had a vague consciousness of the audience spraying out in flight, of the squealings, tramplings and dispersals of a stricken field. The mountain was close upon him—.

He stood by the open mouth of the hay-chute which went through the floor to the manger below. Penrod also went through the floor. He propelled himself into the chute and shot down, but not quite to the manger, for Mr. Samuel Williams had thoughtfully stepped into the chute a moment in advance of his partner. Penrod lit upon Sam.

Catastrophic noises resounded in the loft; volcanoes seemed to romp upon the stairway.

There ensued a period when only a shrill keening marked the passing of Roderick as he was borne to the tumbril. Then all was silence.



"SHE FORGOT THAT SHE HAD BEEN STEELING HERSELF
AGAINST HIM"

"FROM THE PRICE OF LOVE" BY ARNOLD BENNETT
Harper & Bros.

LOUIS ATTEMPTS SOME DELICATE CALLIGRAPHY.

*From Arnold Bennett's "The Price of Love."
(Harper.)*

Louis Fores, trusted employee, is a trifle startled to hear his employer say, somewhat gruffly: "Let's have a squint at the petty cash-book to-morrow morning, Louis." Accordingly, Louis delays starting for his grandaunt's in order to prepare matters for Mr. Horrocleave's scrutiny.

It was just about at the time when Louis ought to have been removing his paper cuff-shields in order to start for Mrs. Maldon's, that he discovered the full extent of his debt to the petty-cash box. He sat alone at a rough and dirty desk in the inner room of the works "office," surrounded by dust-covered sample vases and other vessels of all shapes, sizes, and tints—specimens of Horrocleave's "Art Luster Ware," a melancholy array of ingenious ugliness that nevertheless filled with pride its creators. He looked through a dirt-obscured window and with unseeing gaze surveyed a muddy, littered quadrangle whose twi-

light was reddened by gleams from the engine-house. In this yard lay flat a sign that had been blown down from the façade of the manufactory six months before: "Horrocleave. Art Luster Ware." Within the room was another sign, itself fashioned in lusterware: "Horrocleave. Art Luster Ware." And the envelopes and paper and bill-heads on the desk all bore the same legend: "Horrocleave. Art Luster Ware."

He owed seventy-three pounds to the petty-cash box, and he was startled and shocked. He was startled, because for weeks past he had refrained from adding up the columns of the cash-book—partly from idleness and partly from a desire to remain in ignorance of his own doings. He had hoped for the best. He had faintly hoped that the deficit would not exceed ten pounds, or twelve: he had been prepared for a deficit of twenty-five, or even thirty. But seventy-three really shocked. Nay, it staggered. It meant that in addition to his salary, some thirty shillings a week had been mysteriously trickling through the incurable hole in his pocket. Not to mention other debts! He well knew that to Shillitoe alone (his admirable tailor) he owed eighteen pounds.

With the seventy-three pounds desolatingly clear in his mind, he quitted his desk in order to reconnoiter the outer and larger portion of the counting-house. He went as far as the archway, and saw black smoke being blown downwards from heaven into Friendly Street. A policeman was placidly regarding the smoke as he strolled by. And Louis, though absolutely sure that the officer would not carry out his plain duty of summoning Horrocleave's for committing a smoke-nuisance, did not care for the spectacle of the policeman. He returned to the inner office, and locked the door. The "staff" and the "hands" had all gone, save one or two piece-workers in the painting-shop across the yard.

The night watchman, fresh from bed, was moving fussily about the yard. He nodded with respect to Louis through the grimy window. Louis lit the gas, and spread a newspaper in front of the window by way of blind. And then he began a series of acts on the petty-cash book. The office clock indicated twenty past six. He knew that time was short, but he had a natural gift for the invention and execution of these acts, and he calculated that under half an hour would suffice for them. But when he next looked at the clock, the acts being accomplished, one hour had elapsed; it had seemed to him more like a quarter of an hour. Yet as blotting-paper cannot safely be employed in such delicate calligraphic feats as those of Louis, even an hour was not excessive for what he had done.

A NEW PROBLEM FOR FLEMING STONE.

From Carolyn Wells' "Anybody but Anne." (Lippincott.)

Anne, a beautiful young woman, marries an old man for his money. He treats her very badly, and as a climax announces that he is going to leave his entire money for the purpose of endowing a magnificent library—quite out of proportion to the tiny town which is to be the beneficiary. The morning after he makes this announcement it is discovered that he has apparently been locked in his study all night.

RANNEY picked the lock skilfully and rapidly, but still the door refused to open. "It's bolted," he said.

"Cut out the bolt," said Morland, on whom the suspense was beginning to tell.

Ranney obeyed, and, though marring and spoiling the beautiful door, he succeeded at last in throwing it back on its hinges, and we went in.

David Van Wyck sat in his desk chair, motionless, with a stain of blood on his shirt-front and waistcoat.

"Murdered!" exclaimed Morland, springing forward. "By some of that blamed committee! I'll be revenged for this!" As he spoke, he was feeling for his father's heart and pulse, though there was no possible doubt that the man was dead.

As we all stood in horror-stricken silence, my mind worked rapidly. "Hold on, Morland," I said. "It can't be murder, with this room locked up as it was. Your father did this himself."

Morland turned from his father and stared at me. "Suicide!" he exclaimed. "Absurd! Why should Dad want to kill himself?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," I replied; "but as we couldn't get into this locked room, how could a murderer have done so?"

"I tell you it was one of that committee," declared Morland. "My father had no reason and no desire to kill himself!"

"As to that," put in Archer, "why should those men of the committee want to kill him? He was about to

give them his money. And, as Sturgis says, no one could have murdered him and got away, leaving this room entirely locked on the inside. But something ought to be done. You ought to send for a—a doctor or something."

"What good could a doctor do now!" said Morland, looking a little dazed. "But I suppose it is the right thing to do. Carstairs, telephone for Doctor Mason and tell him to come at once. Don't tell him what for—there's no use of this getting all over until we know something more about it ourselves. Use this telephone here on the desk."

With difficulty, Carstairs controlled himself sufficiently to obey orders. Morland strode about the room. "It's so," he declared. "Every window is fastened with these enormous bolts.



BUT ANNE KNEW. SHE SANK BACK IN HER CHAIR.
FROM "ANYBODY BUT ANNE" BY CAROLYN WELLS.

J. B. Lippincott Co.

A STORM-HAUNTED WOOD.

From Leona Dalrymple's "Diane of the Green Van."
(Reilly & Britton Co.)

Diane Westfall, a beautiful young heiress, having started, with an old servant, on a trip from Connecticut to Florida in a green van, is early given an indication of the kind of adventures that will beset her journey.

"THE storm is coming!" exclaimed Diane with shining eyes. "Button the flaps by the horses, Johnny. We're in for it to-night. Hear the wind!"

Overhead the gale tore ragged gaps among the fire-shadowed trees, unshrouding a storm-black sky. Fearlessly—the old wild love of storm and wind singing powerfully in her heart—the girl rose from the fire and faced the tempest.

Rex pressed fearfully beside her, whining. Off there somewhere in the wind and darkness a dog had barked. It came now again, high above the noise of the wind, a furious, frightened barking.

"Johnny!" exclaimed Diane suddenly, "There must be something wrong over there. Better go see. No, not that way. More to the east." And Johnny, whose soul for thirty years had thirsted for adventure, briskly seized an ancient pistol and charged off through the forest.

But Aunt Agatha had talked long and tearfully to Johnny. Wherefore, reluctant to leave his charge alone in the rain and dark, he turned back.

"Go!" said Diane with a flash of impatience.

Johnny went. Looking back over his shoulder he saw the girl outlined vividly against the fire, skirts and hair flying stormily about her in the wind. So might the primal woman stand ere the march of civilization had oversexed her.

The wind was growing fiercer now, driving the rain about in angry gusts. Thunder cannonaded noisily overhead.

Veering suddenly in a new direction—for in the roar of the storm the bark of the dog seemed curiously to shift—Johnny collided violently with a dark figure running wildly through the forest. Both men fell. Finding his invisible assailant disposed viciously to contest detention, Johnny fell in with his mood and buried his long, lean fingers cruelly in the other's throat.

The fortunes of war turned speedily. Johnny's victim squirmed desperately to his feet and bounded away through the forest.

Now as they ran, stumbling and finding their way as best they might in the glitter of lightning, there came from the region of the camp the unmistakable crack of a pistol. Two shots in rapid succession followed—an interval of five seconds or so—and then another. The final trio was the shot signal of the old Buffalo hunters which Diane had taught to Johnny.

"Where are you?" barked the signal.

Drawing his ancient pistol as he ran, Johnny, in vain, essayed the answer. The veteran missed fire. After all, reflected Johnny uncomfortably, one signal was merely to locate him. If another came—

The lightning, flaming in a vivid sheet, re-

vealed a lonely road ahead and on the road by the farther hedge, a man desperately cranking a long, dark car. The lamps of the car were unlighted.

With a yell of startled anger, the man who bore the bleeding marks of Johnny's fingers redoubled his speed and darted crazily for the roadway. Before he had reached it the man by the car had leaped swiftly to the wheel and rolled away.

**"I WILL MARRY MY OWN TRUE LOVE!"**

From Amelia E. Barr's "Playing With Fire."
(Appleton.)

Donald and Marion Macrae, children of a stern Calvinistic preacher, are expected to give unquestioning obedience to their father. But when it comes to a question of Donald's lifework and Marion's husband, the young people prove difficult to manage. Their sympathetic, but apprehensive aunt discusses the situation with Marion.

"WHAT are you talking about?"

"About Allan Reid. Oh, I know Father's plan. Allan is making love to me whenever he can get a chance. And, if I go down town I'm meeting him round every corner. I know how Donald came to get into Reid and McBryne's office."

"If you know so much, why were you keeping so quiet about things?"

"You were always telling me to keep my own counsel and share secrets with nobody."

"I was not including myself in that order."

"Father cannot bend either Donald's or my life to his wish."

"It is your lifelong happiness and welfare he is planning for."

"God will order my life. That will content me. And God would not want me to marry Allan Reid, with his long neck and weak eyes, because I could never love him, and I suppose you ought to love the man you marry."

"I believe it is thought necessary by some people. Allan will have lots of money, and in good time walk to the head of the biggest shipping business in Glasgow. He is a religious young man, always in kirk when kirk-time comes, and I hear that he is also the cleverest of men in a matter of business. He'll be the richest shipper in Glasgow some day."

"I shall never marry for money. Never! Never!"

"You'll never marry for money, won't you? Let me tell you, it is a far better way of marrying, in general, than comes of vows and kisses and all such gentle shepherding."

"For all that, 'I will marry my own true love.'"

"When he comes, young lady."

"When he comes! I think he will not be long in coming now."

"Go away to your sleep. You're just dreaming with your eyes open. Good night, dear."

"Good night; and 'I will marry my own true love,'" and, with the lilt on her lips, she went singing to her room.

Mrs. Caird sat down, completely perplexed. "Here's a nice state of affairs!" she mused. "I said but a few words about the young Lord, and, out of a woman's pure contradiction, she instantly made a graven image of

him, and set him up in her mind to worship. She was ready, though she never saw him, to defend him against her father's judgment. I could see that plainly. What kind of a girl is this? Never a thought of love did I give Andrew Caird until he said in so many words, 'Jessy, will you be my wife?' Time enough then to begin the worshiping. Well, Ian is going to have his hands and heart full

to be a kidnapped prince inspires him with the idea that he, too, is the long lost son of high-born parents.

PAUL rose the next morning, a human being with a fixed idea, an unquestioned faith in his destiny. His star shone clear. He was born to great things. In those early years that followed it was not a matter of an imaginative child's vanity, but the unalterable, serene conviction of a child's soul. The prince and



"PERHAPS IF YOU ASKED ME PRETTILY," SHE SAID, "I MIGHT COME AND HEAR YOU SPEAK"

FROM "THE FORTUNATE YOUTH" BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

John Lane Co.

with these two children, and I'll be getting the blame of it. And, of course, I shall stand by both of them. I kissed that promise on my dying sister's lips, and I wouldn't break it for Lords, nor Commons, nor the General Assembly of the Kirk added to them. I shall stand by both! There's no harm in Donald's opinions. I hold the same myself, and, what's more, I always shall hold them. Fire couldn't burn them out of me. As for Marion, if she wants to build her a little romance, why should I hinder? The girl shall have her dream, if it pleases her." Then she slowly went upstairs to her room, and the Little House was still as a resting wheel.



PAUL DEFIES THE GANG-LEADER.

From William J. Locke's "The Fortunate Youth."
(Lane.)

Paul Kegworthy, endowed physically, mentally and spiritually with Nature's best gifts, lives in a sordid English manufacturing town with his quarrelsome mother, drunken step-father and nondescript step-brothers and sisters. The discovery of a cheap novel relating the adventures of a slum boy who turned out

princess were realities, his future greatness a magnificent certitude. You must remember this, if you would understand Paul's afterlife. It was built on this radiant knowledge. In the afternoon he met Billy Goodge and the gang. They were playing at soldiers, Billy distinguished by a cocked hat made out of newspaper and a wooden sword.

"Coom on, Susie, wi be going to knock hell out of the boys in Stamford Street."

Paul folded his arms and looked at him contemptuously, as became one of his noble blood. "You could no' knock hell out of a bug."

"What's that tha says?"

Paul repeated the insult.

"Say that agen!" blustered the cocked-hatted leader.

Paul said it again and nothing happened. Billy received vociferous and sanguinary advice couched in sanguinary terms.

"Try and hit me!" said Billy.

The scene was oddly parallel with one in the story of the outcast boy of the gutter.

Paul, conscious of experiment, calmly went up to him and kicked him. He kicked him hard. The sensation was delicious. Billy edged away. He knew from past experience that if it came to blows he was no match for Paul, but hitherto, having shown fight, he had received the support of the gang. Now, however, there was an extraordinary quality in Paul's defiance which took the spirit out of him. Once more he was urged by the ragged brats to deeds of blood. He did not respond. Paul kicked him again before his followers. If he could have gone on kicking him for ever and ever what delirium of joy were eternity! Billy edged farther away. The mongrel game-cock was beaten. Paul, dramatically conscious of what the unrecognized prince would do in such a circumstance, advanced, smacked his face, plucked the cocked hat from his head, the sword from his hand, and invested himself with these insignia of leadership. Billy melted silently into the subfusc air of Budge Street. The ragged regiment looked around and there was no Billy. Paul Kegworthy, the raggedest of them all, with nothing to recommend him but his ridiculous exotic beauty and the paper and wooden *spolia opima* of the vanquished, stood before them, a tattered Cæsar. The gang hung spellbound. They were ready, small band of heroes, to follow him against the hordes of Stamford Street. They only awaited his signal. Paul tasted a joy known but to few of the sons of men—absolute power over, and supreme contempt for, his fellows.



A SETBACK TO THE WEDDING PLANS.

*From Rupert Hughes' "What Will People Say?"
(Harper.)*

A young Southern army man, having unwisely fallen in love with a society beauty of the ultra-wealthy set, finds it necessary to explain to her his financial situation.

"WHAT of it, dear?" she said, creeping toward him. "I love you for yourself. I never thought you were rich like Willie. I gave up all that gladly."

"But I'm what you would call—a pauper, I suppose. I have only my army pay."

"Isn't that enough?"

"Plenty of couples seem to be happy on it, but they're mostly the sons and daughters of army people. You've been brought up so differently. Wild extravagances for our people would be shabby makeshifts to you."

"Don't you think I'd be able to adapt myself?"

"Would you?"

"I should hope so. How much is your army pay, if you don't mind my asking?"

"As first lieutenant I get a little over two thousand."

"Two thousand a week? Why, that's not bad at all. Why did you frighten me?"

He laughed aloud, and she corrected herself.

"Oh, two thousand a month. That's about twenty-five thousand a year. It isn't much, is it? But we could skimp and scrape, and we'd have each other."

She had given him his death-blow unwittingly. He smiled dismally, and groaned:

"Two thousand a year with forage."

She stared at him in disbelief. "Two thousand a year with forage! We couldn't eat the forage, could we? They give you a pittance like that for being an officer and a gentleman and a hero?"

"The hero business is the worst paid of all. Look at the firemen."

"But, my dear, two thousand a—why, our chef gets more than that, and our chauffeur nearly as much; and my father's secretary—everybody gets more than that."

* * * * *

"We're better paid than other armies," said Forbes. "Officers in foreign armies are supposed to have private fortunes."

"I don't wonder," she gasped. "And you haven't any?" He shook his head. "No relatives?"

"None that aren't poorer than I am."

She put out her hand and caressed his brow. "Poor boy, it's cruel, it's hateful! Willie Enslee with all that money, and you with two thousand a year! And no prospects for more?"

"Well, I hope to be promoted captain very shortly—any day now I should get my commission. That carries with it twenty-four hundred a year."

She sighed. "The little car I wanted would cost more than that. Well, let it go. Walking is healthier. It would save the chauffeur's wages, too. And my maid—I don't know what Nichette would say. But—well, let her go. Let everything go but you."

She clasped her arms round him, and he clutched her tight; but his embrace was like a farewell. She was infinitely pathetic to him. She had so much sophistication, and was so innocent of so much. She kissed him tenderly, but her mood was an elegy.



A CHAOS OF WATERS.

From William Chalmers Covert's "Glory of the Pines." (Westminster Press.)

A young minister in a lumber camp sees for the first time a spectacular log drive.

By ten o'clock the next morning pandemonium had been let loose. The quiet forest was a bedlam. The gates at Number Two dam were lifted at eight and the fierce head of water began its wild rush of twenty miles to the quiet bayou behind the mills at the river's mouth. Antoine knew what was on and assumed the rôle of one who had prepared the whole program. His breakfast was out of the way early and the dinner materials made ready promptly. When the first roar struck our ears it set him dancing.

"Ah, hooray, this ees eet. He is one pretty fine show. Beeg noise lak cyclone. Shake ze ground much. Ze logs boom! boom! and fly lak ze birds go, and jump lak ze porpus and fight like ze beaver in hot battle. Look, look, man!"

The description was never finished. Above us we saw coming the onrush of water that had been set free at the dam. It was coming like a foam-topped tidal wave that had risen from somewhere out in the forest beauty and quiet and was sweeping everything before it, roaring through the echoing woods with the

noise of a hurricane. The big logs from the dry sand bars, where they had hung for weeks, were picked up like matches and tossed into the current. When the water struck the gorge at the foot of which our camp was set, the fun began in earnest. The heavy cuts that had been picked from turns and shallows went booming and tumbling into the narrows, where, jammed together, they ground their rough sides as they fought in the fury of the stream. Long, stringy ribbons as well as huge sheets of brown bark ripped from the bruised logs went snapping through the air, and now and then a butt length, injured in the felling, split and went to pieces in the turmoil. When the end of a sixteen-foot log struck a pot hole in the floor of the gorge the huge "stick" flew clear of the water and went hurtling through the air. So often did we see this, that the cavorting timbers looked like huge water monsters at play in the frenzied flood, while the crunching and grinding on the rough sides of the dalles added to the suggestion of a battle of primeval brutes.



THE LAUGHTER OF THE WRETCHED.

From Howard V. O'Brien's "New Men for Old." (Kennerley.)

Harlan Chandos, suddenly left penniless, gets very uninteresting employment with a none too scrupulous firm. His growing friendship with Dorothy Gresham is the bright spot in his life. Through a business idea, worked up successfully, he is summoned by a coincidence to interview Miss Gresham's father, a wealthy manufacturer, at his plant. Mr. Gresham's workers, as Chandos sees them, give him food for reflection.

IT was my own poverty, I suppose, that really first brought home to me the significance of poverty . . . I did not know what it was to be hungry . . . but I had been near enough to the brink to be able to shiver without affectation at the possibility. Poverty, as seen through clearer eyes, took on less of the aspect of divine carelessness, and more of human cruelty. I who had once looked sincerely upon "Socialists," and all critics of the established order of things, as "dangerous" people, now began to look upon them with equal sincerity, as brothers in a common cause. As I looked at those miserable children, grubbing dirtily in the road, I felt my fists clench at the hideous wrong, the pitiful injustice of any system, however long established, that would enable man legally thus to exploit his fellows. Then, as if to put an exclamation point to the rising pitch of my thoughts, there came the long wail of the noon whistle, and presently, like an ant hill that has been stepped upon, the Gresham Company disgorged its human contents.

I stayed to watch them as they streamed by. The largest proportion of them was of girls . . . young, most of them. The masculine contingent seemed of all ages, from the bent old men in overalls, to boys in knickerbockers. The spirits of the crowd, too, seemed at vastly different levels. The older ones—and some of the younger who had perhaps lived faster than their contemporaries—walked slowly and listlessly. But many of the others were like hounds unleashed. In a twinkling, ball games and quoits had sprung up in every vacant spot; and little knots of girls had gathered for lunch, gossip and giggles . . . much as their sisters in more elevated sections of the community would gather. The scene was animated—even joyous—and for a little while the thoughts of the moments before were banished. Then it came upon me with a rush, that all this apparent happiness was but a conscious effort . . . a glossing-over of grim realities. Humanity wants to laugh—it has to laugh—and it will laugh, no matter what the odds against it. But the laughter of the wretched is the most tragic thing on earth.



HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN, AUTHOR OF "NEW MEN FOR OLD," JUST
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL KENNERLEY

HOW TO MAKE MONEY ON ORCHIDS.

From Owen Johnson's "The Salamander." (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Doré Baxter is one of a new type of girl frequently found in large cities. Salamanders are adventurous, eager and unafraid, without home ties and without respect for Mrs. Grundy. Doré is supplied with the most expensive orchids and is royally entertained—yet she frequently lacks the money to settle her landlady's bill.

STACEY VAN LOAN crowded into the room. He was a splendid grenadier type of man, with the smiling vacant face of a boy. He wore shoes for which he paid thirty dollars, a suit that cost a hundred, a great fur coat that cost eight times more, enormous fur gloves, and a large pearl pin in his cravat. On entering, he always blushed twice, the first as an apology and the second for having blushed before. The most captious Salamander would have accepted him at a glance as the beau ideal of a prop—a perfect blend of radiating expensiveness and docile timidity. Van Loan Senior, of the steel nobility of Pennsylvania, had insisted on his acquiring a profession after two unfortunate attempts at collegiate culture, and had exiled him to New York to study law, allotting him twenty thousand dollars a year to defray necessary expenses.

"Bingo! what a knock-out!" said Stacey, gazing open-mouthed, heels together, at the glowing figure that greeted him.

Doré, who had certain expectations as to his arrival, perceiving that he held one hand concealed behind his back, broke into smiles.

"You sly fellow, what are you hiding there?"

"All right?" said Van Loan, with an anxious gulp. "How about it?"

He thrust out an enormous bouquet of orchids, which, in his fear of appearing parsimonious, he had doubled beyond all reason. The sight of these flowers of luxury, the price of which would have gone a long way toward placating Miss Pim, brought a quick telegraphic glance of irony between the two girls.



A FURY IMPELLED HER
FROM "THE SALAMANDER" BY OWEN JOHNSON
Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"Isn't he a darling?" said Doré, taking the huge floral display and stealing a glance at the ribbon, which, alas, did not bear the legend Pouffé, who was approachable in time of need. "Stacey is really the most thoughtful boy, and everything he gets is in perfect taste. He never does anything by halves!"

As she said this in a careless manner, which made the young fellow redden to the ears with delight, she was secretly smothering a desire to laugh, and wondering how on earth she was to divide the monstrous display without discouraging future exhibitions of lavishness. She moved presently toward the back of the room, saying carelessly:

"Look at my last photographs, Stacey."

Then she quickly slipped a third of the bouquet behind a trunk, signaling Winona, and turning before the long mirror, affixed the orchids, spreading them loosely to conceal the defection.

"Quarter of. You'll be late!" said Winona, masking the trunk with her skirts.

"I want to be! I'm not going to have a lot of society women find me on the door-step!" said Doré, for the benefit of the prop. "Come on Stacey; you can look at the photos another day!" She flung about her shoulders a white stole from the floor below, and buried her hands in a muff of the same provenance. "Good-by, dear. Back late. Go ahead, Stacey!"

A moment later she reentered hurriedly.

"Give me the others, quick!" she said, detaching those at her waist. "These are from Granard's. Take them there—tell them Estelle sent you; she has an arrangement with them. See what you can get. Tell them we'll send 'em custom."

OF DAVE AND DOLLY WARDLE.

From William De Morgan's "When Ghost Meets Ghost." (Holt.)

Chapter one begins with a description of two young people whose subsequent adventures reunite the "ghosts"—twin sisters, each of whom believes the other dead.

OUR little boy was the sort of boy you were sorry was ever going to be eleven, because at five years and ten months he was that square and compact, that chunky and yet that tender, that no right-minded person could desire him to be changed to an impudent young scaramouch like young Michael Ragstroar four doors higher up who was eleven and a regular handful.

His name was Dave Wardle, after his father; and

his sister's Dorothea, after her mother. Both names appeared on a tombstone in the parish churchyard, and you might have thought they was anybody, said Public Opinion; which showed that Dave and his sister were orphans. Both had recollections of their father, but the funeral he indulged in three years since had elbowed other memories out of court. Of their mother they only knew by hearsay, as Dave was only three years old when his sister committed matricide, quite unconsciously, and you could hear her all the way up the Court. Pardon the story's way of introducing attestations to some fact of interest or importance in the language in which its compiler has received it.

They were good children to do with, said their Aunt M'riar, so long as you kep' an eye. And a good job they were, because who was to do her work if she was every minute prancing round after a couple of young monkeys? This was a strained way of indicating the case; but there can be no doubt of its substantial truth. So Aunt M'riar felt at rest so long as Dave was content to set up atop of the dustbin-lid and shout till he was hoarse; all the while using a shovel, that was public property, as a gong.

Perhaps Dave took his sister Dolly into his confidence about the nature of the trust he conceived himself to hold in connection with this dustbin. To others of the inhabitants he was reticent, merely referring to an emolument he was entitled to. "The man on the lid," he said, "has a farden." He said this with such conviction that few had the heart to deny the justice of the claim outright, resorting to subterfuges to evade a cash settlement. One had left his change on the piano; another was looking forward to an early liquidation of small liabilities on the return of his ship to port; another would see about it next time Sunday come of a Friday, and so on. But only his Uncle Moses ever gave him an actual farthing, and Dave deposited it in a cat on the mantelshelf, who was hollow by nature, and provided by art with a slot in the dorsal vertebrae. It could be shook out if you wanted it, and Dave occasionally took it out of deposit in connection with a course of experiment he was interested in. He wished to determine how far he could spit it out.



A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR MRS. PIKYUNE.

*From George Randolph Chester's "Cordelia Blossom."
(Hearst's International Library Co.)*

Mrs. Blossom, gracefully self-possessed—so guileless and so unassuming!—having conquered her home, sets out to find wider fields. A City Beautiful movement gives her the opportunity to get into politics, and her temporary chairmanship of the Isis Club proves just what she needs to set things going.



"WHAT DO YOU REALLY THINK?"
FROM "THE SALAMANDER" BY OWEN JOHNSON
Bobbs-Merrill Co.

BOWING again and again to the prolonged applause which followed his charming lecture and his illuminative moving pictures, the National Secretary, having finished his mission, once more yielded the platform to the Fifth Vice-President, who very prettily expressed to him, in behalf of the Isis Club, its heartfelt gratitude. Then she held up a lavender monogrammed sheet of notepaper, which all who had ever received invitations to Mrs. Pickyune's one important function recognized with a thrill!

"While our beloved President cannot be with us, she has our welfare in mind," Mrs. Blossom stated with unusually sparkling eyes; "and, even from her bed of suffering, sends us the word of guidance upon which we have so justifiably come to rely." Ladies throughout that nicely poised assemblage could not forego glances at each other. It was nice of Mrs. Pickyune always to guide them. Wasn't it? "I must read you her thoughtful warning. 'To the Presiding Officer of the Day, and to My Dear Orphaned Isis Club:

"I do so much envy you the treat you are having this afternoon, for the City Beautiful movement is such a romantic and poetic one.

"It would be glorious if the Isis Club could only ignore the diplomatic entanglements which might follow an official undertaking of the project, but I am sure that the members will, individually, indorse it as heartily as I do.

"I feel almost guilty for not being at my post at so important a time, but I trust my orphans."

"Your absent leader, Clara Pikyune."

Much can be read into any message by careful intonation. Applause naturally followed the Fifth Vice-President's reading of the President's letter, but the enthusiasm was doubtful.

"I am so much at a loss what to do in the absence of our always cautious leader," observed Mrs. Blossom softly and sweetly; "and indeed I do not think that, as a club, we can take any official action, except perhaps to offer Mr. Quillery one of those beautifully engrossed votes of thanks, such as we presented to the President of the United States after his lovely talk to us upon Motherhood—Its Privileges. Our President, however, seems, from her letter, to be so very anxious to have us individually indorse the City Beautiful movement, that I feel as if we should do something to carry out her wishes, and, at the same time, avoid the possible entanglements against which she so thoughtfully warns us. It occurs to me that we might give her a delightful surprise by forming, as individuals, an entirely independent City Beautiful Association. Suppose we do that! What do you say?"

Two hundred members joined the City Beautiful Association before they went home to dinner. There would have been more, except that it took so long to remove gloves.



FROM "A LAD OF KENT" BY HERBERT HARRISON

The Macmillan Co.

TWO LETTERS—AND A DECENT BURIAL.

*From Leslie Moore's "The Peacock Feather."
(Putnam.)*

Freed from prison after three years, a man is walking along an English country road, his fingers pressing two letters in his pocket—letters handed to him just before he left the great gray prison, and unopened partly because he wanted to put a certain distance between his present self and the past three years before he broke the seals and partly because he wanted to prolong the pleasure of anticipation.

THE man went across the grass and sat down on the stile. He pulled the two letters from his pocket and looked at them. One was addressed in a masculine handwriting, small, square, and very firm. The other writing was delicate but larger. It was evidently that of a woman.

He opened the firmly addressed envelope first, and pulled out its contents. A strip of pink paper fluttered to the ground, falling among the daisies. He picked it up without looking at it while he read the contents of the letter.

"I have no desire that you should starve, and therefore send you the enclosed. Kindly understand, however, that I do not wish to see you for the present. When you have partially blotted out the past by obtaining decent work and proving your repentance, I will reconsider this decision.

"RICHARD CARDEN."

The cheque was for two hundred pounds.

The man laughed, but the sound of his laugh was not very pleasant.

He broke the seal of the second letter.

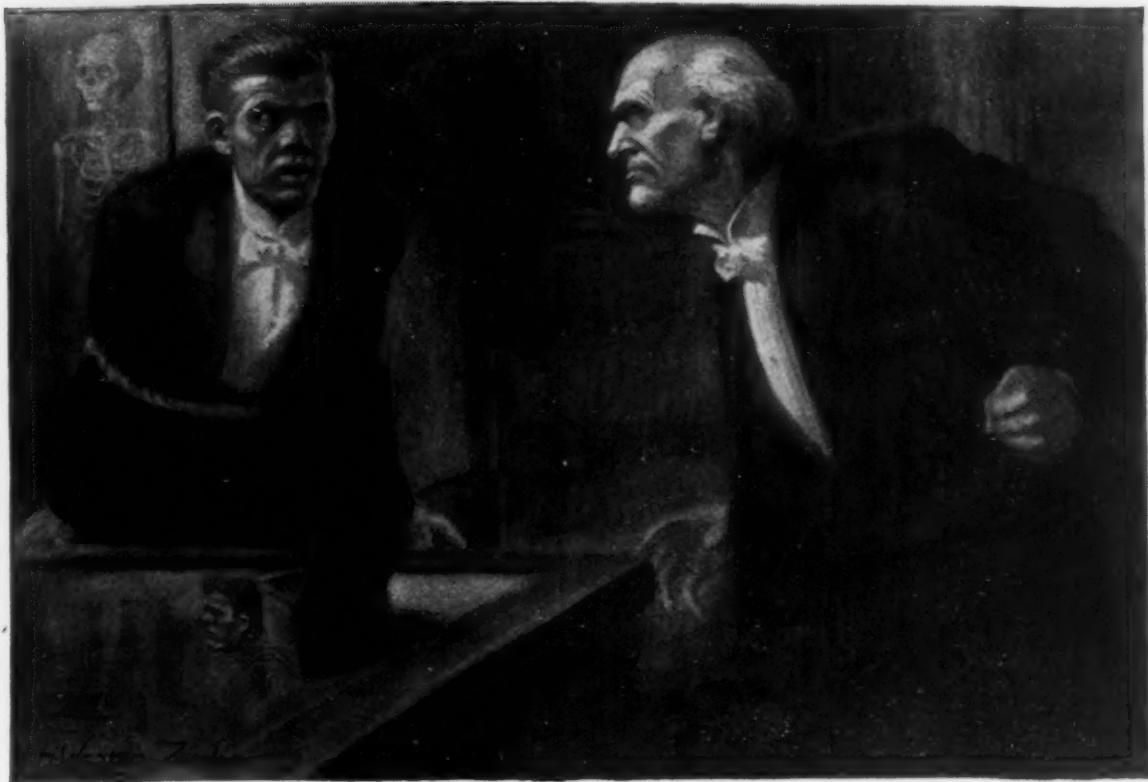
"I did not write before," the letter ran, "because I did not want you to brood over what I have to say, though you must have known that my saying it was inevitable. Of course you have known from the first that you have by your own conduct put an end to our engagement. I did not write at once and tell you so myself, for fear of adding to your pain. But you must have understood. You will not attempt to see me, or write to me. It would be quite useless. I am going to be married in three weeks' time. I am very sorry for you and I would have helped you if I could, but you must see for yourself it is impossible. There is nothing now to say but good-bye.

"M."

When the man had finished reading he sat very still, so still that a robin hopped down near him and began investigating the toe of his boot. Finding nothing in a piece of black leather of interest, it flew up to the hedge, and regarded the motionless figure with round beady eyes. At last the figure moved. The robin flew a couple of yards farther away, then perched again to watch.

It saw the man tearing white and pink paper into very small pieces. Then it saw him bend down and dig a hole in the earth with a clasp-knife. It saw him place the pieces of torn paper in the hole and replace the earth, which he pressed firmly down. Then it heard the man speak.

"At least I will give the past decent burial."



"I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND NOW I'VE CAUGHT YOU"

FROM "THE UTTERMOST FARTHING" BY R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

John C. Winston Co.

AT THE MERCY OF THE CAPTAIN.

From Randall Parrish's "*Shea of the Irish Brigade.*"
(McClurg.)

A soldier of fortune, lieutenant in the Irish Brigade that fought for Louis XIV. against the allies, takes refuge in an attic. Here he overhears some interesting plotting, and is unexpectedly joined by a beautiful woman, who has fallen into the hands of the English soldiers and been concealed by them from a second troop of Austrians. After the Austrians have left, the English captain calls her from her hiding place.

"SAY! you girl up there," he cried again, a touch of anger in his voice at the delay in her appearing.

"Put down the ladder—Lord! you don't need to be afraid of me!"

"Yes," I whispered. "You will have to take the chance: there is no other way. Here, I'll help you."

The ladder was light, and easily managed between us. As its end neared the floor, the impatient Englishman grasped the rungs, and stood there staring up at the black hole through which it protruded. The smile on his lips was unpleasant as he exclaimed:

"Well, what are you waiting for now?"

"For you to step aside, Monsieur Captain," she answered in a voice without tremor. "I prefer to descend unaided."

He gave utterance to a muffled oath, yet stepped back against the table. Her hand pressed mine significantly.

"Good-by, Monsieur," she whispered softly. "Do not fear for me; guard the dispatch." Then carefully grasping her skirts with one hand, she descended the creaking ladder until she stood securely on the floor, and turned her

face toward him. I bent lower so that I might see clearly, confident the eyes of the man would not be turned upward. If the lady experienced any feeling of fear there was no manifestation of it in either face or manner. She stood erect, gazing straight at him, one hand still grasping the ladder, the light of the candle full upon her. Her attitude betokened neither doubt nor indignation; it was rather expressive of indifferent disdain. Awlright, his mouth half open, hesitated to utter the words of banter upon his lips, his mood changing from drunken insolence to anger. As she stood there silent, looking directly at him, he lost all control.

"Don't try your fine lady on me, you wench," he growled threateningly, "or I'll teach you a lesson. You're not the first woman I've had to tame; nor are you likely to be the last. Come over here."

"I prefer to remain where I am," she replied coldly, her fingers tightening their hold on the wood, but with no other sign of nervousness. "And I advise you to do likewise."

"Oh, ho! And so you threaten me, do you!" he laughed. "And, of course, I am afraid. Why! you little fool, I could crush you with one hand—see!" and he extended a huge fist, opening and closing the fingers suggestively. Suppose I took your neck like that; Bah! and who would know, or care?"

She made no movement; there was no change of expression, her eyes frankly meeting his.

"Captain Awlright," she said steadily, her voice clear. "It is useless for you to try

frightening me. I am a woman, but not that kind. You have the strength, of course, but it will never serve you in my case."

"And why not?" insolently.

"Because," the very quietness of her tone bringing conviction. "If you attempt to lay hand on me I shall kill you—do you understand?"



CLOSING THE DOORS.

From Gilbert Parker's "You Never Know Your Luck."
(Doran.)

The "Macmahon mob" have it in for Shiel Crozier, otherwise J. G. Kerry, a young Irishman, son of a baronet, who is living incognito in America. Crozier needs ten thousand dollars to close a big deal, and his enemies see to it that the money is not forthcoming.

CROZIER looked at the other thoughtfully for a moment, then he said:

"I don't know what you said to Deely, but I do know that I'm going to the Logan Trial in spite of the Macmahon mob. I don't feel about it as you do. I've got a different feeling, Sibley. I'll play the game out. I shall

not hedge. I shall not play for safety. It's everything on the favourite this time."

"You'll excuse me, but morphia-sucking Gus Burlingame is for the defence, and he's got his knife into you," returned Sibley.

"Not yet." Crozier smiled almost sardonically.

"Well, I apologize, but what I've said, Mr. Kerry, is said as man to man. You're ridin' game in a tough place, as any man has to do who starts with only his pants and his head on. That's the way you begun here, I guess; and I don't want to see your horse tumble because someone throws a fence-rail at its legs. Your class has enemies always in a new country—jealousy, envy."

The lean, aristocratic, angular Crozier, with a musing look on his long face, grown ascetic again, as he held out his hand and gripped that of the other, said warmly: "I'm just as much obliged to you as though I took your advice, Sibley. I am not taking it, but I am taking a pledge to return the compliment to you if ever I get the chance."

"Well, most men get chances of that kind," was the gratified reply of the gambling farmer, and then Crozier turned quickly and entered the doorway of the British Bank, the rival of that from which he had turned in disappointment a little while before.

Left alone in the street, Sibley looked back with the instinct of the hunter. As he expected, he saw a head thrust out from the window where Studd Bradley and his friends had been. There was a hotel opposite the British Bank. He entered and waited. Bradley and one of his companions presently came in and seated themselves far back in the shadow, where they could watch the doorway of the bank.

It was quite a half-hour before Shiel Crozier emerged from the bank. His face was set and pale. For an instant he stood as though wondering which way to go, then he moved up the street the way he had come.

Sibley heard a low, poisonous laugh of triumph rattle through the hotel office. He turned round. Bradley, the overfed, over-confident, overestimated financier, laid his hand on the shoulder of his companion, as they moved toward the door.



"WHERE AWAY GOES MY LAD? TELL ME, HAS HE GONE ALONE?"

FROM "YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK" BY GILBERT PARKER

George H. Doran Co.



THE FERRY BY WHICH HORACIO AND ANNA ESCAPED
FROM "HORACIO; A TALE OF BRAZIL," BY R. W. FENN
American Tract Society

"That's another gate shut," he said. "I guess we can close 'em all with a little care. It's working all right. He's got no chance of raising the cash," he added, as the two passed the chair where Sibley sat with his hat over his eyes, chewing an unlighted cigar.

"I don't know what it is, but it's dirt—and muck at that," John Sibley remarked as he rose from his chair and followed the two into the street.

Bradley and his friends were trying steadily to close up the avenues of credit to the man to whom the success of his enterprise meant so much. To crowd him out would mean an extra hundred and fifty thousand dollars for themselves.

5

HORACIO TAKES A LONG ROUTE HOME.

From R. W. Fenn's "Horacio, a Tale of Brazil."
(American Tract Society.)

Horacio goes hunting in pursuit of a herd of wild pigs, and gets lost in the Brazilian forest. For five days he wanders, with only a bird for food.

AFTER an hour's painful journey he paused again and flung himself upon the ground, too weary to be disturbed by the mosquitoes that covered his nearly naked body or even to care whether he lived or died.

He was awakened at length by a cold nose in his face and sprang to his feet in sudden alarm. The light of flickering torches dazzled his eyes, which were still heavy with sleep.

"Found at last, my caboclinho a tóia!" said his father's voice, and the man drew him into a warm embrace, ere he could realize what had happened. A couple of great hounds

sprang joyfully upon him and a half-dozen neighbors came up one by one and clasped the boy in their arms with friendly embraces and quick little reciprocal pats on the shoulders.

"Thou art indeed a sad sight to see, and yet one that rejoices my heart!" and the father strained the son again to his breast. "Thou hast travelled far. Two days have we followed thee with the dogs. We had found thee sooner had not the rain washed thy scent from the ground. But—the Virgin be praised!—we crossed it again when thou hadst at last turned toward home.

"But, come! pull thyself together, if thou canst, and we will sleep at home. Thou art half starved! Take a pull at this cachaça!"

The boy drank greedily and, coughing as the hot liquor brought the tears to his eyes, found his voice at last.

"How is that? Sleep at home?" he cried.

"Why not?" replied the older man, "thou canst almost see the clearing from this spot. It lies here, about two hundred paces off."

Horacio stared in amazement. "I thought—" he exclaimed, then laughed aloud, and ended by bursting into a wild fit of sobbing, which came to him in his nervous condition with the reaction.

To think that he had wandered for five days in the woods and had now fallen exhausted at his own door without knowing it! The morning might have seen him making off again into the forest, none the wiser, had they not come upon him where he lay.

* * * * *

"What of the horns we blew? Didst thou not hear them?" asked another.

"Ay, what of the horns, lad?" said his

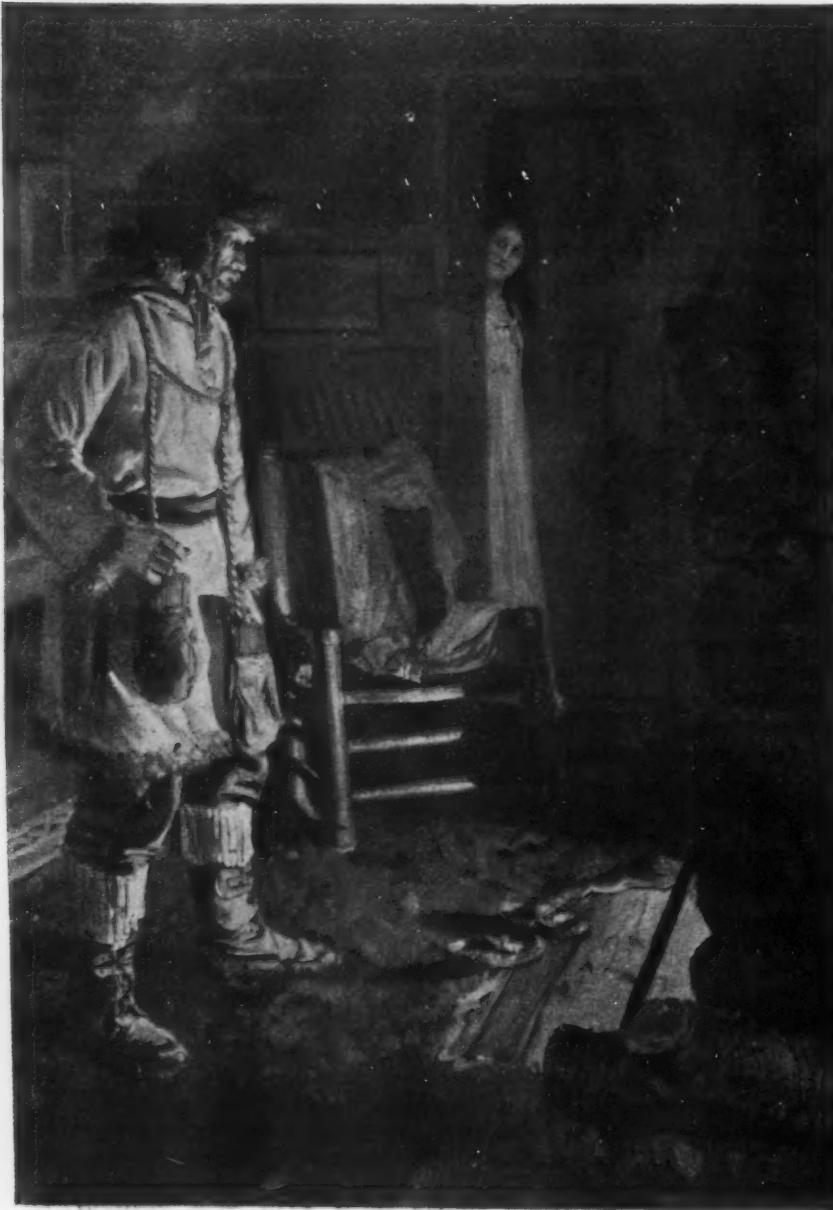
father, resting his elbows upon the table, as he stopped for a minute in his work of stripping a drumstick and looked inquiringly at the boy.

"I thought the bugres blew them," stammered the lad, blushing up again. A roar of laughter came from all the men.

"Ah, that is good! Bugres, indeed! There are none nigher than the Rio Feio," said one.

"Then I was at the Rio Feio," retorted the boy angrily, "for I found this in the trail of the anta, with the marks of a dozen pairs of naked feet beside it," and he reached down and lifted the arrow from the dirt floor where it had fallen and laid it upon the table, where it was immediately seized upon and passed from hand to hand. An ominous silence fell upon the group.

"So the Indians are come this way again with war arrows," said one at length.



BILL STOOD BEFORE THE FIREPLACE, HIS SHAGGY FUR CAP PUSHED FAR BACK ON HIS HEAD

FROM "NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE" BY BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR
Little, Brown & Co.

"I DO GIVE AND BEQUEATH."

From Bertrand W. Sinclair's "North of Fifty-Three."
(Little, Brown.)

Hazel Wing, a pretty but business-like stenographer, having discouraged the unwelcome attentions of her wealthy employer, believes, after his sudden death, that he will no longer be able to persecute her. But her hardest trial is to come.

THREE days went by. Hazel attended the concert with Jack the evening of the day Mr. Andrew Bush received ostentatious burial. At ten the next morning the telephone girl called her.

"Some one wants you on the phone, Miss Weir," she said.

Hazel took up the dangling receiver.

"Hello!"

"That you, Hazel?"

She recognized the voice, half guessing it would be he, since no one but Jack Barrow would be likely to ring her up.

"Surely. Doesn't it sound like me?"

"Have you seen the morning papers?"

"No. What—"

"Look 'em over. Particularly the *Gazette*."

The harsh rattle of a receiver slammed back on its hook without even a "good-by" from him struck her like a slap in the face. She hung up slowly, and went back to her work. Never since their first meeting, and they had not been exempt from lovers' quarrels, had Jack Barrow ever spoken to her like that. Even through the telephone the resentful note in his voice grated on her and mystified her.

Something in the papers lay at the bottom of it, but she could comprehend nothing, absolutely nothing, she told herself hotly, that should make Jack snarl at her like that. His very manner of conveying the message was maddening, put her up in arms.

She was chained to her work—which, despite her agitation, she managed to wade through without radical errors—until noon. The twelve-to-one intermission gave her opportunity to hurry up the street and buy a *Gazette*. Then, instead of going home to her luncheon, she entered the

nearest restaurant. She wanted a chance to read, more than food. She did not unfold the paper until she was seated.

A column heading on the front page caught her eye. The caption ran: "Andrew Bush Leaves Money to Stenographer." And under it the subhead: "Wealthy Manufacturer Makes Peculiar Bequest to Miss Hazel Weir."

The story ran a full column, and had to do with the contents of the will, made public following his interment. There was a great deal of matter anent the principal beneficiaries. But that which formed the basis of the heading was a codicil appended to the will a few hours before his death, in which he did "give and bequeath to Hazel Weir, until lately in my employ, the sum of five thousand dollars in reparation for any wrong I may have done her."

The *Gazette* had copied that portion verbatim, and used it as a peg upon which to hang some adroitly worded speculation as to what manner of wrong Mr. Andrew Bush could have done Miss Hazel Weir. Mr. Bush was a widower of ten years' standing. He had no children. There was plenty of room in his life for romance. And wealthy business men who wrong pretty stenographers are not such an unfamiliar type. The *Gazette* inclined to the yellow side of journalism, and it overlooked nothing that promised a sensation.

Hazel stared at the sheet, and her face burned. She could understand now why Jack Barrow had hung up his receiver with a slam. She could picture him reading that suggestive article and gritting his teeth. Her hands clenched till the knuckles stood white under the smooth skin, and then quite abruptly she got up and left the restaurant even while a waiter hurried to take her order. If she had been a man, and versed in profanity, she could have cursed Andrew Bush till his soul shuddered on its journey through infinite space. Being a woman, she wished only a quiet place to cry.



IT WAS MRS. BRAINARD, TALL, ALMOST IMPERIAL IN HER LOOSE MORNING GOWN, HER DARK EYES SNAPPING FIRE AT THE SUDDEN INTRUSION
FROM "THE DREAM DOCTOR, BEING NEW ADVENTURES OF CRAIG KENNEDY,"
BY ARTHUR REEVE

Hearst's International Library Co.

OF ADELLE'S VISIT TO THE TRUST COMPANY AND WHAT SHE THOUGHT ABOUT.

From Robert Herrick's "Clark's Field." (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Clark's Field, a piece of real estate in which the fortunes of Mrs. Ellen Trigg Clark, and more especially, of her niece Adelle, were inextricably involved, was responsible for the actual poverty and prospective affluence of the two. Adelle's interests, having been put into the hands of a somewhat reluctant trust company, Mrs. Clark and Adelle made a visit to its stately office to straighten out their involved and comparatively unimportant affairs.

THIS matter disposed of, the trust officer asked searching questions about the Clark genealogy, which the widow answered quite fully, for it was a subject on which her sister-

in-law Addie had educated her so completely that she knew everything there was to know except the exact whereabouts of Edward S or his heirs. Mr. Gardiner was specially interested in Edward S., who had disappeared fifty years ago, and asked Mrs. Clark to send him immediately all family letters bearing on Edward. It was apparent that the trust company meant to go after Edward and his heirs and either discover them if it were humanly possible or establish the fact that they could safely be ignored. And they were in a much better position, with their numerous connections and correspondents, to prosecute such a search successfully than any one else who had tried it. Mr. Gardiner, however, expressed himself doubtfully of their success.

"We shall do our best," he said, "and let you know from time to time of the progress we are making."

And after exacting a few more signatures from the widow, who by this time had become adept in signing "Ellen Trigg Clark," the trust officer nodded to his visitors in dismissal.

It would be difficult to say what Adelle was thinking about during this interview. She sat perfectly still as she always did:—one of her minor virtues as a child was that she could sit for hours without wriggling or saying a word. She did not even stare about her at the lofty room with its colored glass windows and shiny mahogany furniture as any other young person might. She gazed just above the bald crown of the trust officer's head and seemed more nearly absorbed in Nirvana than a young American ever becomes. But there is little doubt that the long interview in the still, high room of the bank building did make an impression upon the trust company's ward.

She trailed after her aunt down the marble stairs, for the trust officer did not trouble himself about their exit from his office as he did with solid clients who had going estates, and the widow was too timid to summon the bronze car from its hole in the wall. They passed through the great banking room on the main floor, where, because of the largeness and the decorum of this sanctuary of property, a crowd of patrons seemed to make no disturbance. Adelle sat in reverie all the way out to Alton in the street car and did not wake up until they turned from the Square into the dingy side street. Then she said, apropos of nothing:

"It's a pretty place."

"What place?" snapped the widow, who realized that a whole working day had been lost "for nothing," and the roomers' beds were still to make.

"That trust place," Adelle explained.

"Um," her aunt responded enigmatically, as one who would say that "pretty is as pretty does."

It had not appeared to her as a place of beauty. But to Adelle, who had seen nothing more ornate than the Everitt Grade School of Alton, the Second Congregational Church, and the new City Hall, the interior of the Washington Trust Company, with its bronze and marble and windows that shed soft violet

lights on the white floors, awakened an unknown appetite for richness and splendor, color and size. That was what she had been thinking about without realizing it while the trust officer talked to her aunt. She called this barbaric profusion of rich materials "pretty," and felt, very faintly, a personal happiness in being connected with it in some slight manner.



FLORIAN MAYR ECLIPSES A GREAT LADY.

From Ernst von Wolzogen's "Florian Mayr." (Huebsch.)

Florian Mayr, by his sensible good nature and very true reverence for his art, wins the heart of the great Liszt and is in a fair way to becoming his disciple and friend. At a reception at the house of the famous musician a lady of position manipulates matters so that she is invited to play for the company.

SHE sat down without the slightest trace of embarrassment, removed half a dozen bracelets from her wrists, and pulled the fawn-colored suede gloves from her well-rounded arms; then with her feet, which were encased in beaded patent-leather slippers, she felt for the pedals, at the same time raising the hem of her silk skirt a little, swung her hands to test the joints, and then with bold assurance ran a series of arpeggios through half a dozen keys. All these preparations required a goodly space of time and considerably heightened the expectations of the audience. Liszt had resumed his place in his easy-chair and was making an effort to look serious.

"Would Schubert's *Erl-king* be acceptable?" asked the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel So-and-so, née Xheimer, over her shoulder. "In your arrangement, of course."

"Very kind," replied Liszt, smiling most politely and with the gesture of acquiescence of a grand seigneur.

At last she attacked the keyboard.

Almost immediately a general suppressed snickering and whispering became audible; even some "Ah's" and "Oh's" of surprise and indignation were heard. All eyes were fastened upon the Master. With a quick nervous movement he pushed back his long white hair, wrinkled his brow into threatening folds, and opened and shut his wide mouth three or four times in quick succession, but he said nothing; he did not rise to stop this "artist also" who was playing the *Erl-king* in a tempo which indicated, not that the father torn with anguish was bearing his feverish child on a horse rushing like the wind, but that he was taking him to the doctor in a calm indifferent frame of mind on a heavy truck drawn by a yoke of oxen. Soulless and hard, these inartistic fingers knocked the melody out of the keys and the passionate rush of the accompaniment remained throughout the clumsy rumbling of an express wagon.

At last "the child was dead." The lady delicately touched her face here and there with her lace handkerchief and obviously expected applause. No sound broke the stillness.

Now at last the Master roused himself. He only shrugged his shoulders and said: "pchah!" with unmistakable contempt. Then

he walked slowly over to this living picture of a jewelry establishment, fastened his eyes upon her heaving bosom, and forced himself to smile politely: "Well, my dear lady, you have at all events a very—different conception of this piece!"

He looked about in the circle of his pupils. His face had grown serious and stern again. His glance fell upon Florian Mayr, who stood there with his fists doubled up, obviously restraining himself with difficulty from laying violent hands on the fair lady. Liszt placed his hand upon Florian's shoulder and said to him: "Oh, oh, we are too excited, my son! But temperament is good. Do we play the *Erl-King*?"

"Certainly," answered Florian promptly, "and not badly either, I think."

Liszt turned to the great lady who, still breathing quickly, stood in the middle of the room, and said quietly: "Her Mayr will play the *Erl-King* for you, madam."

This time Florian felt no trace of nervousness. The *Erl-King* was one of his show pieces, and besides—*Donnerwetter*, this person and all the rest of them, too, for that matter, had better be taught at once that he also had some kind of a right to be here as well as they! He shook back his hair, pulled up his sleeves a little, as if he were preparing for a boxing match, and then dashed in at a furious tempo, a wild rush that blinded and deafened. Once or twice he struck a false note, a thing which the Frau Lieutenant-Colonel had not done, but that did not matter in the least. The passionate energy of the rendering, the powerful crescendi, the highly effective color contrasts in the gentle allurements of the fairy spirit, the successful differentiation of the voices of man and child by the subtle touch, and the deepening of terror towards the end: it was altogether a splendid triumph and everyone present,—not excepting his professional rivals,—had the feeling that this intensely dramatic piece of music had been rendered with genuine poetic comprehension, that the performer's conception of it had been wrought with the sure touch of the artist.

When he had finished he sprang up and, his brown face all aglow with ardor, he turned to his honored Master.

Liszt nodded to him with a satisfied smile.



IT WAS AS IF SHE REGARDED THIS MOMENT AS A PRONOUNCED CRISIS
FROM "BLACK IS WHITE" BY GEORGE BARR MC CUTCHEON
Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE SHOT THAT FAILED.

From George Barr McCutcheon's "Black is White."
(Dodd, Mead.)

James Brood, a stern, hard man, turned his first wife out of the house, believing her unfaithful, and treated her son, Frederic, with the greatest harshness. Brood brings home a second wife, Yvonne, an enigma. No one understands her and no one knows whether she is a good woman, though most people believe in her virtue. Finally Brood brings matters to a climax. A mysterious Hindu plays an important part in the story.

TRANSFIXED, they watched him take two or three steps into the room. At his back was the swarthy Hindu, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire in the shadowy light.

"James!" fell tremulously from the lips of Yvonne. She swayed toward him as Ranjab grasped his arm from behind. Frederic saw the flash of something bright as it passed from the brown hand to the white one. He did not at once comprehend.

"It happened once," came hoarsely from the throat of James Brood. "It shall not happen again. Thank you, Ranjab. At thirty paces, they said."

Then Frederic knew! The Hindu had slipped a revolver into his master's hand!

"It gives me great pleasure, Yvonne, to relieve you of that damned, rotten, worthless thing you call your life."

As he raised his arm, Frederic sprang forward with a shout of horror. Scarcely realizing what he did, he hurled Yvonne violently to one side.

It was all over in the twinkling of an eye. There was a flash, the crash of an explosion, a puff of smoke and the smell of burnt powder.

Frederic stood perfectly still for an instant, facing the soft cloud that rose from the pistol barrel, an expression of vague amazement in his face. Then his hand went uncertainly to his breast.

Already James Brood had seen the red blotch that spread with incredible swiftness—blood-red against the snowy white of the broad shirt bosom. Glaring with wide-open eyes at the horrid spot, he stood there with the pistol still levelled in a petrified hand.

"Good God, Father, you've—why, you've—" struggled from Frederic's writhing lips, and then his knees sagged; an instant later they gave way with a rush and he dropped heavily to the floor.

There was not a sound in the room. Suddenly Brood made a movement quick and spasmodic. At the same instant Ranjab flung himself forward and grasped his master's arm. He had turned the revolver upon himself! The muzzle was almost at his temple when the Hindu seized his hand in a grip of iron.

"Sahib! Sahib!" he hissed. "What would you do?" Wrenching the weapon from the stiff, unresisting fingers, he hurled it across the room.

"My God!" groaned Brood. His tall body swerved forward but his legs refused to carry him. The Hindu caught him as he was sinking limply to his knees. With a tremendous effort of the will, Brood succeeded in conquering the black unconsciousness that was assailing him. He straightened up to his full height, and with trembling fingers pointed to the prostrate figure on the floor. "The pistol, Ranjab! Where is it? Give it me! Man, man, can I live after that? I have killed my son—my own son! Quick, man!"



AN ENEMY IN THE NIGHT.

From Talbot Mundy's "Rung Ho!" (Scribner.)

"Rung Ho!"—("Go in and win!")—is a rapid story of love, fighting and adventure in India, just on the eve of the Indian Mutiny. A young English officer, whose father had been a famous fighter in India in his day, goes to India and is taken in hand by a Rajput officer to be trained for his work in the coming struggle.

"HALT! Who comes there?"

He lipped the words, but his dry throat would not voice them. Before he could clear his throat or wet his lips his eye caught something lighter than the night—two things—ten—twelve paces off—two things that glowed or sheened as though there were light inside them—too big and too far apart to be

owl's eyes, but singularly like them. They moved, a little sideways and toward him; and again he heard the heavy, stealthy footfall.

They stayed still then for what may have been half a minute, and another sense—smell—warned him and stirred up the man in him. He had never smelled it in his life; it must have been instinct that assured him of an enemy behind the strange, unpleasant, rather musky reek that filled the room. His right hand brought the rifle to his shoulder without sound, and almost without conscious effort on his part.

He forgot the heat now and the silence and discomfort. He lay still on his side, squinting down the rifle barrel at a spot he judged was midway between a pair of eyes that glowed, and wondering where his foresight might be. It struck him all at once that it was quite impossible to see the foresight—that he must actually touch what he would hit, if he would be at all sure of hitting it. He remembered, too, in that instant—as a born soldier does remember things—that in the dark an attacking enemy is probably more frightened than his foe. His father had told it him when he was a little lad afraid of bogies; he in turn had told it to the other boys at school, and they had passed it on until in that school it had become rule number one of school-boy lore—just as rule number two in all schools where the sons of soldiers go is "Take the fight to him."

He leaped from the bed, with his rifle out in front of him—white-nightshirted and unexpected—sudden enough to scare the wits out of anything that had them. He was met by a snarl. The two eyes narrowed, and then blazed. They lowered, as though their owner gathered up his weight to spring. He fired between them. The flash and the smoke blinded him; the burst of the discharge within four echoing walls deadened his ears, and he was aware of nothing but a voice beside him that said quietly: "Well done, bahadur! Thou art thy father's son!"



"HE'S NOTHING BUT A THIEF."

From Joseph Conrad's "Chance." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Little Flora de Barral, finding the servants leaving and her governess in a state of high indignation, is brutally told by the governess that her father's fortune and honor have vanished together.

THE next few seconds seemed to last for ever so long; a black abyss of time separating what was past and gone from the reappearance of the governess and the reawakening of fear. And that woman was forcing the words through her set teeth: "You say I mustn't, I mustn't. All the world will be speaking of him like this to-morrow. They will say it, and they'll print it. You shall hear it and you shall read it—and then you shall know whose daughter you are."

Her face lighted up with an atrocious satisfaction. "He's nothing but a thief," she cried, "this father of yours. As to you I have never been deceived in you for a moment. I have been growing more and more sick of you for

years. You are a vulgar, silly nonentity, and you shall go back to where you have sprung from, and beg your bread—that is if anybody's charity will have anything to do with you, which I doubt—"

She would have gone on regardless of the enormous eyes, of the open mouth of the girl who sat up suddenly with the wild, staring expression of being chocked by invisible fingers on her throat, and yet horribly pale. The effect on her constitution was so profound, Mrs. Fyne told me, that she, who as a child had a rather pretty, delicate colouring, showed a white, bloodless face for a couple of years afterward, and remained always liable at the slightest emotion to an extraordinary ghost-like whiteness. The end came in the abomination of desolation of the poor child's miserable cry for help: "Charley! Charley!" coming from her throat in hidden gasping efforts. Her enlarged eyes had discovered him where he stood motionless and dumb.

He started from his immobility, a hand withdrawn brusquely from the pocket of his overcoat, strode up to the woman, seized her by the arm from behind, saying in a rough, commanding tone: "Come away, Eliza!". In an instant the child saw them close together, and remote, near the door, gone through the door, which she neither heard nor saw, being opened or shut. But it was shut. Oh, yes, it was shut. Her slow, unseeing glance wandered all over the room. For some time longer she remained leaning forward, collecting her strength, doubting if she would be able to stand. She stood up at last. Everything about her spun round in an oppressive silence. She remembered perfectly—as she told Mrs. Fyne—that clinging to the arm of the chair she called out twice "Papa! Papa!" At the thought that he was far away in London, everything about her became quite still. Then frightened suddenly



HENRY STATED WITH ALL DUE MODESTY THAT THEY COULD ALL GO OUT AND PLEDGE
THEIR JEWELRY THAT HARVARD WOULD SWEEP ALL COMERS THE SAME
AS LAST YEAR. THIS WAS HIS SWAN SONG
FROM "HENRY OF NAVARRE, OHIO," BY HOLWORTHY HALL

The Century Co.

by the solitude of that empty room, she rushed out of it blindly.

THE STRONG, CAPABLE YOUNG CREATURE!

From Holworthy Hall's "Henry of Navarre, Ohio."
(Century Co.)

To be published June 12th.

Henry, of Navarre, Ohio, is an untrammeled youth, lighthearted and audacious. While at college he invites Miss Hollingsworth, of Boston, on a motor-ride, having previously studied how to run a motor-car—from a handbook.

THE engine coughed asthmatically, spat viciously, sighed a long sigh of utter resignation, and lapsed into a sulky silence.

"Stuck!" said Henry.

He found that the self-starter didn't self-start and that none of the shiny accessories on the dashboard had any influence. There was nothing to do but to get out into snow up to his shoetops and investigate the motor.

"Jiggle the spark," he commanded.

Miss Hollingsworth jiggled it ineffectually.

"Tickle the gas," was his next order, and she tickled it without result.

Henry stood up and surveyed the landscape, which was unmarred by architecture. He seemed to remember having passed a farmhouse some three miles south, but he was not certain of it. There was no one in sight.

"You're not going to crawl under it, are you?" sympathized Miss Hollingsworth.

It was a happy thought, for he instantly remembered a number of cure-alls prescribed by his text-book.

"We'll be all right in half a second," he said. His enthusiasm suffered a sudden relapse when he looked under the car. The snow was slushy and discolored by oil and grease. He wondered if after all the book had been authentic, and if he had spent too much time reading up on tire trouble and too little on the woes of ignition.

"Please hurry," said Miss Hollingsworth plaintively. "I'm cold."

"We're off!" he encouraged her, dropping to his knees and beginning to squirm under the car.

Miss Hollingsworth snuggled into her furs and shivered. The sun had disappeared and the predominating quality of the view was monotony. A chill East wind whipped smartly against her cheeks, and she leaned impatiently to one side to peer at Henry's feet, which appeared large and competent. She realized with a little flutter of pleasure that this strong, capable young creature had been put into her hands by Fate to make or mar as she willed. She intended to reform him; to replace his youthful buffoonery with mature poise only lightly adulterated with humor; to teach him to relinquish the boyish traits which are of no practical use in Boston society; and then some day, when he had succeeded in amalgamating her purposeful doctrines with his own mastery of detail, she might—

The feet moved convulsively! Henry following the excellent method of progress exemplified by the inch-worm, emerged slowly and scrambled to his feet. His coat was matted with wet snow; his hands and face ran black little streams of grime; his nose was decorated with a single blotch of axle grease—single, but comprehensive; and his trousers hung limp and dejected about his knees.

"Dorothy," he said, "are you a good sport?" "Why," she gasped, "what's the matter?"



PHOEBE
FROM "WORLD'S END" BY AMELIE RIVES
Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Henry rubbed his variegated countenance with a muddy sleeve. "I regret to report," he reported, "that we're stranded on a desert island. That engine has eight separate and distinct things the matter with it."

"Will it take long to fix them? I'm so cold!"

"Fix them!" echoed Henry the omnipotent. "Why, my dear girl, I don't even know what they are!"

SALLY HEARS OF PHOEBE'S GOOD FORTUNE.

From Amelie Rives' "World's End." (Stokes.)

Scene is a Virginia plantation, "World's End." Phoebe Nelson is fascinated by her cousin Richard, who all but ruins her prospects of happiness. His uncle, Owen Randolph, sets to work to rebuild her life. He has just told his sister Sally, Mrs. Peter Bryce, that he intends to marry Phoebe.

SALLY let the brush fall into her lap, and sat staring at her own eyes in the mirror. The candle-light, falling from silver sconces on either side, deepened the shadows in her eye-sockets and the flat hollows of her cheeks. She saw plainly the skull under her own flesh. And she smiled now grimly enough. It was fitting that a death's-head should look back at her from her own face. The utmost calamity, short of Richard's death, had overtaken her. And, as in a fiery panorama, pictures of the detestable future unrolled before her; visions of Phoebe in her place, in Richard's place at

World's-End—Phoebe, the little, easily seduced country-girl—at the head of the table—ordering the servants—receiving guests. Phoebe, no longer "little Phoebe Nelson," but Mrs. Owen Randolph, of World's-End. Phoebe, with a right to have the nag's head on *her* brushes—on *her* linen! . . . Sally caught up the brush from her lap and hurled it against the wall with all her might. Some of the delicate, cream-hued plastering broke away with the impact, leaving a rough grey patch shaped like a tulip-leaf. . . . It was the act of an enraged peasant woman—the primitive spending of rage on inanimate objects, inherited from the violent old founder of their family, and which even Owen himself had never completely outgrown.

A little sobered by her physical outbreak, Sally rose and began putting up her hair with icy, resolute fingers. She would not ring for Mirabel. She could not have restrained herself from striking had the girl made a blunder in her toilet. And as she fastened the hooks of her thin gown, tearing the delicate stuff in her nervousness, she kept swimming as it were frantically round the dark pool of her own thought, like some desperate creature fallen in a deep reservoir and seeking for some chink of egress from its steep, slippery sides.

There must be a way of stopping it. That it should go on, should accomplish itself, was impossible . . . utterly impossible. The thought of threatening Phoebe with a disclosure of the whole affair, but then, like a rank bit in the mouth of a vicious mare, the thought of Richard's part in it checked her. No, but she would wire Richard to come back at once, . . . better, far better that Richard should marry the little fool than that she should become Owen's wife. But no again, it was not Phoebe, but she, *she* who had played the fool! . . . How easily she had been duped by the girl's sham of soft, listless misery! . . . And all the time, all the time that crafty little wretch, so seemingly child-like and pliable, had held to her sly purpose with a will of iron; . . . the determination to play upon one man with a cunning learned from her experience with another, and this time to make sure that marriage, not a mere fleeting moment of lawless pleasure, should be the outcome! . . . "Oh, I did well to distrust that bold, red mouth of hers!" she thought. And in her angry, distorted imagination poor Phoebe figured as a young Delilah.



BREAKFAST BICKERINGS IN PORT-MAN SQUARE.

From I. A. R. Wylie's "Five Years to Find Out."
(Bobbs-Merrill.)

The Heathcote St. Johns have a big house in Portman Square and a huge income from a wealthy uncle. One morning at breakfast they are discussing the non-appearance of the usual remittance.

St. JOHN stared blankly across the breakfast table. In the first two years of their married life they had lived together in a pleasant "live and let live" good comradeship, then for some inexplicable reason they had got on each other's nerves and for three years they had bickered incessantly. That occupation proving too exhausting, they had relapsed

into a bored acceptance of each other's weaknesses. Now it seemed they were reverting to phase two. In sheer distress, Heathcote helped himself to a second egg.

"My dear, if you will excuse my saying so, that sounds as though you had married me for my money—"

"I did, Uncle Jeremy's money," she corrected.

"Well, then, Uncle Jeremy's money. It's all the same thing."

"It's not at all the same thing. If it was your money there wouldn't be all this fuss; and besides, then I shouldn't have married you for it."

"I don't understand," her husband complained fretfully.

"I did not expect that you would. I merely implied that if it was your money it would probably mean that you had earned it, and if you had earned it—"

"Cecilia, I honestly believe that you are reproaching me for not doing things."

"I'm not reproaching you at all."

"You are." He leaned back and drummed a melancholy tattoo on the table with his fingers. "And I dare say you are right," he added seriously. "An Englishman in my position has his duties toward his country. I might go into Parliament."

"Heathcote, how unoriginal! There are surely other ways of making a fool of one's self—" She caught a glimpse of his aghast face and sank back with a sigh of utter weariness. Possibly the request for immediate attention at the bottom of her bill had helped to exasperate her.



MO DISPLAYS THE MAGIC STONE.

From Beatrice Grimshaw's "The Sorcerer's Stone."
(Winston.)

A story of the tropic wildness of New Guinea. A Marquis from France, having come to this strange land to study magic, finds a comrade who is willing to take a trip into the interior (where cannibals are not unknown) to find some of the potent charms for which the country is famous. A sorcerer known as Mo—the kind of a savage that anyone would hesitate to trifle with—gives a sample of his occult powers.

Mo had taken a crystal out of his bag—the biggest one—and unwrapped it from its covering of leaves. It was a pretty thing, like the end off a chandelier luster, and just about the same size, only it was double-ended, with two points. The lizard lay still and dead upon the ground. Mo pointed the crystal at it and began stroking the air just above the little corpse, without actually touching it. Over and over it he went with the crystal, making lines of light as the dying fire caught the quartz and drew violet and green and crimson colors out of it.

He was breathing very hard all the time and sweat was pouring off his naked body. One could see that he was making a tremendous effort, but where, or how, one could not understand.

At last he stopped, laid the crystal down on the banana-leaf and looked intently at the lizard. We looked too.

I know that no one will believe what happened next, but I must tell the thing as it occurred. The lizard moved.



I MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE SOUND, AND THERE IN THE GROWING
MOONLIGHT, BEHIND THE WHITE STEMS OF A CLUMP OF
BETAL-PALM, WAS THE MARQUIS—DANCING
FROM "THE SORCERER'S STONE" BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW
John C. Winston Co.

We watched it, holding our breath. It moved again. It drew its legs under it.

The sorcerer took the crystal up and drew more lines in the air, breathing hard and narrowing down his eyes till they were two black sparks beneath his beetling eyebrows.

The lizard got up, staggered and walked away. It was alive.

I never wished I knew French until that minute. It would have been something to understand the expletives that the Marquis was pouring out in a sharp, rattling, musket fire of amazed profanity and delight. I said a thing or two myself, but it sounded meek and mild by comparison. And he did not stop for a good three minutes. Then he got up—the sorcerer was standing now—and seized the greasy savage in his arms, rocking him about as if he were a child.



THE NEW COACH.

From Everett T. Tomlinson's "Captain Dan Richards."
(*Griffith & Rowland.*)

Dan Richards starts his school career under considerable financial handicap, yet becomes the hero of

the school. At the opening of his second year he meets the new coach, whose methods and personality seem far below the school's standard.

"WALTER," said Prentice, "I want you to know Mr. Toolan, the new football coach."

"Glad to meet you," said Walter, as he leaped from his chair and enthusiastically grasped the hand of the newcomer. "We've all heard about you and are mighty glad you are to help us out this fall."

"Same here," replied Mr. Toolan in a voice that was harsh and guttural.

"You must meet John Littlemouse," continued Walter, presenting his Indian classmate.

"Pleased to meet yez," said the coach. "What is he—a dago?" he added in a lower voice to Walter.

"No; he's an Indian."

"Real live one? The only kind I know is the store kind."

"The store kind?" inquired Walter, doing his utmost to prevent John from hearing him.

"Yes, the kind in front of a cigar store."

"That isn't the kind John is. He's a sprinter, and he has played football before he entered the Tait School."

The interest of the coach was instantly aroused, and turning to the young Indian, who was seated in a chair on the opposite side of the room, he said, "What position did ye play?"

"Half-back."

"Ye look a little 's 'f ye had the right stuff in ye. Can ye run?"

"Some."

"He's done the hundred in ten and two-fifths," suggested Walter.

"Comin' down t' th' practice t'morrow?" inquired the coach.

"Yes."

"That's all right, then. What I'm lookin' fer more'n anything else just now is a good center. I've seen most o' the fellows who'll try for the team, but I'm a little short o' timber."

"What's the matter with Watson?" asked Walter.

"He's got th' build, but I don't know about his wits. A good deal depends on the wits o' th' center."

"How does it?"

"Why—well, I don't know 's I can do any better 'n tell you 'bout th' center we had on our college team. He was a powerful brute, but his wits was quick. Many's th' time I've seen him grab a handful of dirt or dust an' just rub it in the eyes o' the center o' th' other team when th' ball was snapped back." The coach grinned at the recollection of the "quick wits" of the center of whom he was speaking, and his enthusiasm in the game once more was manifest.

"Did he have any other nice little tricks like that?" inquired Walter.

"Chock full."

"For example?"

"He had a grip like a steel vise. Many's th' time I've seen him grab his man right by th' muscle in his leg an' just squeeze. When he let up the man wasn't able to walk for a spell."

There was an expression in Dan's eyes that indicated to Walter what was coming. Before he could interrupt his roommate, however, Dan said in his quiet, modest way to the new coach, "Are you a graduate of the college?"

"Hardly," laughed the coach as if the question was a huge joke.

"What were you doing on the team, then?"

"Playin' football. What did ye s'spose I was doin'?"

"I didn't know but you might be earning money," replied Dan quietly.

"Mebbe I was," laughed the coach, winking at Walter as he spoke. "Everybody has t' live, don't he? But th' football team wasn't made up o' the lumnuses. Every fellow was in college, doin' somethin'."



WINE, TOBACCO AND BOTTICELLI.

From "The Goldfish." (Century Co.)

A plea for simple, genuine living made through the "inside story" of what the ultra-wealthy get out of life. Purports to be the confessions of a man who has gained everything in the way of material luxury and finds his prize wither in his hands. He describes a Fifth Avenue dinner which he and his wife recently attended.

THEN the doors leading into the dining room were thrown open, disclosing a table covered with rose-trees in full bloom five feet in height and a concealed orchestra began to play. There were twenty-four seats and a footman for each two chairs, besides two butlers, who directed the service. The dinner consisted of hors-d'oeuvre and grapefruit, turtle soup, fish of all sorts, elaborate entrées, roasts, breasts of plover served separately with salad, and a riot of ices and exotic fruits.

Throughout the meal the host discoursed learnedly on the relative excellences of various vintages of champagne and the difficulty of procuring cigars for a gentleman to smoke. It appeared that there was no longer any wine—except a few bottles in his own cellar—which was palatable or healthful. Even coffee was not fit for use unless it had been kept for six years! His own cigars were made to order from a selected crop of tobacco he had bought up entire. His

cigarettes, which were the size of small sausages, were prepared from specially cured leaves of plants grown on "sunny corners of the walls of Smyrna." His Rembrandts, his Botticellis, his Sir Joshuas, his Hoppers, were little things he had picked up here and there, but which, he admitted were said to be rather good.



THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

From H. Rider Haggard's "The Wanderer's Necklace" (Longmans.)

Purports to tell what befell author in a previous incarnation when he was Olaf, Red-Sword. The falseness of a woman drives him from his Jutland home and he becomes an officer to the Byzantine Empress, Irene. She falls in love with him, but her passion turns to jealous fury when she finds he loves a Coptic maiden, and she has him blinded.

THE days and the nights went by, but which was day and which was night I knew not, save for the visits of the jailers with my meals—I who was blind, I who should never see the light again. At first I suffered much, but by degrees the pain died away. Also a physician came to tend my hurts, a skilful man. Soon



AT THAT MOMENT DAN WAS TACKLED

FROM "CAPTAIN DAN RICHARDS" BY EVERETT T. TOMLINSON
Griffith & Rowland Press

I discovered, however, that he had another object. He pitied my state, so much, indeed, he said, that he offered to supply me with a drug that, if I were willing to take it, would make an end of me painlessly. Now, I understood at once that Irene desired my death, and, fearing to cause it, set the means of self-murder within my reach.

I thanked the man and begged him to give me the drug, which he did, whereon I hid it away in my garments. When it was seen that I still lived, although I had asked for the medicine, I think that Irene believed this was because it had failed to work, or that such a means of death did not please me. So she found another. One evening when a jailer brought my supper he pressed something heavy into my hand, which I felt to be a sword.

"What weapon is this?" I asked, "and why do you give it to me?"

"It is your own sword," answered the man, "which I was commanded to return to you. I know no more."

Then he went away, leaving the sword with me.

I drew the familiar blade from its sheath, the red blade that Wanderer had worn, and touching its keen edge with my fingers, wept from my blinded eyes to think that never again could I hold it aloft in war or see the light flash from it as I smote. Yes, I wept in my weakness, till I remembered that I had no longer any wish to be the death of men. So I sheathed the good sword and hid it beneath my mattress lest some jailer should steal it, which, as I could not see him, he might do easily. Also I desired to put away temptation.

I think that this hour after the bringing of the sword, which stirred up so many memories, was the most fearful of all my hours, so fearful that, had it been prolonged, death would have come to me of its own accord. I had sunk to misery's lowest deep, who did not know that even then its tide was turning, who could not dream of all the blessed years that lay before me, the years of love and of such peaceful joy as even the blind may win.

That night Martina came—Martina, who was Hope's harbinger. I heard the door of my prison open and close softly, and sat still, wondering whether the murderers had entered



FROM "13 WASHINGTON SQUARE" BY LEROY SCOTT
Houghton Mifflin Co.

at last, wondering, too, whether I should snatch the sword and strike blindly till I fell. Next I heard another sound, that of a woman weeping; yes, and felt my hand lifted and pressed to a woman's lips, which kissed it again and yet again. A thought struck me and I began to draw it back. A soft voice spoke between its sobs.

"Have no fear, Olaf. I am Martina. Oh, now I understand why yonder tigress sent me on that distant mission."



TROUBLE AHEAD FOR SOMEBODY.

From George Scarborough's "At Bay." (Macaulay.)

A dramatic detective story, based on the play of the same title. Chapter one begins with a surprise for Gordon Graham and his daughter.

WITH a muffled cry, Gordon Graham threw down the morning paper, and pushed his chair back from the breakfast table. His daughter,



BUDHIA
FROM "MYTHS OF THE HINDUS AND BUDDHISTS"
BY SISTER NIVEDITA
Henry Holt & Co.

Aline, who was dutifully pouring her father's coffee, looked up in astonishment.

"What's the matter, Daddy?" she asked.

In answer he tossed the newspaper to her.

"Read that!" he snapped. "Second column, at the top!"

Aline Graham was not unaccustomed to sudden outbursts of temper on the part of her sire. As a rule they did not disturb her, for she knew from experience that they usually subsided as quickly as they came. But this seemed an uncommonly violent seizure. As she picked up the offending sheet she noticed that her fond parent's face was almost purple.

When her eyes fell upon the bit of news that had so upset her father, Aline gave a little gasp of astonishment.

This is what she saw:

"At a dinner-dance given last night by Mrs. Hamilton Blair, announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Aline Graham, daughter of Mr. Gordon Graham, United States District Attorney, and Capt. Lawrence Holbrook. This is particularly interesting news to Washington society, since Miss Graham is one of the most popular of the younger set. Capt.

Holbrook, who spends much of his time abroad, has been passing a few weeks in this city."

"Well?" Gordon Graham demanded, as Aline laid the newspaper beside her plate.

"Ridiculous!" she said, with a reassuring smile. "Poor Capt. Holbrook! Who would have made such an absurd statement, I wonder?"

"Poor Capt. Fiddlesticks!" Graham snorted. "He probably sent the story out himself!"

"Father!" the girl protested. "Of course he didn't! You forget that Capt. Holbrook is a gentleman."

"I know nothing of the fellow" her father declared. "I wish he had never set eyes on you, and if he is responsible for this malicious lie he'll soon wish that he had never set eyes on me."

Aline regarded her father with no little concern.

"Now, Daddy!" she pleaded. "You might at least give Capt. Holbrook the benefit of the doubt, until you know more about the matter. It isn't fair to condemn anyone in advance."

"We'll see—we'll see!" he said, evasively, it seemed to Aline.

"Please, dear!" she continued, "please don't do anything rash. Promise me that you'll say nothing to the Captain."

Gordon Graham's mouth closed in a straight, firm line, as he looked across the table at his daughter.

"Promise me! There's a good daddy!" she urged.

"Well, Aline! I'll promise—that I'll say nothing to Capt. Holbrook until I have some evidence."

She laughed, visibly relieved.

"Then you'll say nothing to him at all!" she declared, "for I'm sure he had absolutely no part in starting this story."

"Perhaps not," her father said. "I'll soon find out, at all events. I shall stop at the *Sun* office this morning." There was endless determination in his voice, and his face, too, for Gordon Graham was a fighter through and through. He was the most aggressive district attorney Washington had known in years.

"TORCHY" CHANCES IT FOR VEE.

From Sewell Ford's "On With Torchy." (Clode.)

Tells more of the hero of "Torchy," and "Trying out Torchy." He is still hoping to win Vee and still an object of her aunt's scorn, but in spite of the old lady he manages to keep in the running. After having been forbidden the house he turns up again one Sunday evening. He finds two other suitors of Vee at her door.

"OH, yes," says she, swingin' the door wide and askin' no question. "This way, please."

Looked like we was expected; so there's no duckin', and while we're drapin' our hats on the hall rack I'm busy picturin' the look on

Aunty's face when she singles me out of the trio. They was panicky thoughts, them.

But a minute later the plot is still further mixed by the sudden swishy, swirly entrance of an entire stranger,—a tall, thin female with vivid pink cheeks, a chemical auburn tint to her raven tresses, and long jet danglers in her ears. She's draped in what looks like a black silk umbrella cover with rows of fringe and a train tacked to it, and she wears a red, red rose coquettish over one ear. As she swoops down on us from the drawin' room she cuts loose with the vivacious chatter.

"Ah, there you are, you dear, darling boys!"



FROM "TEN THOUSAND MILES WITH A DOG-SLED"
BY ARCHDEACON HUDSON STUCK
Charles Scribner's Sons

says she. "And the Princess Charming is holding court to-day. Ah, Reggy, you scamp! But you did come, didn't you? And dear Theodore too! Brave, Sir Knights! That's what you all shall be,—Knights come to woo the Princess!"

Honest, for awhile there, as this bughouse monologue was bein' put over, I figured I've made a mistake in the floor, and had been let into a private ward. But as soon as I gets next to the Georgia accent I suspects that it ain't any case of squirrels in the attic; but just a sample of sweet Southern gush.

Next I gets a peek through the draperies at some straw-colored hair with a shell-pink ear peepin' from underneath, and I know that whatever else is wrong don't matter; for over there on the windowseat, surrounded by half a dozen young gents, is somebody very partic'lar and special. Followin' this I does a hasty piece of scout work and draws a deep breath. No Aunty looms on the horizon—not yet, anyway.

With the arrival of the new delegates the admirin' semicircle has to break up, and the three of us are towed to the bay window by Vivacious Vivian.

"Princess," says she, makin' a low duck, "three other Knights who would do homage. Allow me first to present Mr. Reginald St. Claire Smith. Here Reggy. Also Mr. Theodore Braden. And next Mr.—Mr.—er—"

She's got to me. I expect her first guess was that I'd been dragged in by one of the other two; but as neither of 'em makes any

sign she turns them black, dark-ringed lamps inquirin' on me and asks, "Oh, I'm sure I beg pardon, but—but you are—"

Now who the blazes was I, anyway? It all depended on how well posted she was, whether I should admit I was Torchy the Banished, or invent an alias on the spot.

"Why," says I, draggin' it out to gain time, "you see I'm a—that is, I'm a—a—"

"Oh, hello!" breaks in Vee, jumpin' up and holdin' out both hands just in the nick of time. "Why, of course, Cousin Eulalia! This is a friend of mine, an old friend."

"Really!" says Cousin Eulalia. "And I may call him—"

"Claude," I puts in, winkin' at Vee. "Call me just Claude."

"Perfectly lovely!" gushes Eulalia. "An unknown knight. 'Deed and you shall be called Claude—Sir Claude of the Golden Crest. Gentlemen, I present him to you."



"HONEST INJUN!"

From Frank Danby's "Full Swing."
(Lippincott.)

A young Irish lordling, before he goes to a famous cramming establishment, extracts a promise from his little cousin Eunice.

"RIDICULOUS, is it? I believe it is. You'd never marry anyone but me, would you? You'll wait for me, won't you?" His arm was about her, but her face was quickly hidden against his coat, and he had to stoop his head to hear her answer.

"They'll try and argue with you—persuade you. She said we were just like brother and sister."

"We're not?" her voice was stifled.

"That's why I was angry with Michael for saying it. It's not true at all." She had to hide her face deeper. He whispered: "Tell me you're as glad about that as I am." She made no answer this time, her burning face was hidden, her beating heart frightened her.

"It's not that way I'm caring for you, nor you for me, is it? Tell me, tell me!"

She could not answer, sitting there in the encircling tenderness of his young arm, sweetly startled, sweetly afraid. Her heart was knocking out the answer all the time as if it were a spirit at a table-turning seance. But it was hardly her time to love; a minute ago she had been a child.

"I don't know, Desmond, I don't know," she faltered. "I'm afraid."

"You mustn't be afraid." He felt that she clung to him. "It's true then—that's all that matters. Is it true?"

An awe of it came upon him. It was true that they loved each other, and it was wonderful. They sat for a minute or two, holding each other. At last she raised her face to him, her child-lips trembling. His eyes were full of tears when he kissed her—so were hers—quickly. A thousand memories were between them in this surprising moment, childish memories. She had often cried in his arms or against his shoulder, been comforted roughly or tenderly. She had cried for a

grazed knee, or a fall; a broken doll or some nursery tragedy; because he was going away to school, or he had said a hasty unkind word. These tears were different, he kissed them, his arms shook as he held her. She clung to him and her words were almost wild.

"Oh, Desmond! Is it true—is it really true?"

He saw how young she was, hardly old enough to hold this great truth. And then it was he proved himself a fine gentleman, not wild or undisciplined as his mother thought him, but a fine gentleman, chivalrous, sensitive, restrained. Her lips were there, but for all the temptation it was not there he answered her. His arm was about her waist, but he never drew her to him, for all his sudden hunger for her. He steadied himself and answered as soberly as if he were Michael.

"It is true. You won't forget it whilst I am away?"

"No."

"You won't marry Michael?"

"Never!"

"Promise!"

"I promise."

"You'll never marry anyone but me. You'll wait for me?"

"I promise!"

"Honest Injun!"

"Honest Injun," she repeated.

It was the old childish oath that had never been broken, that was as solemn as a sacrament. They looked at each other, half laughing, but there was a solemnity about their laughter, and a difference. Then she said hurriedly, a little confused.

"It's getting late. Oughtn't we to be going back?"

"There's no going back on this," he answered agitatedly.

"I know."

She was as one caught unawares, her young feet unsteady in this radiant path; she wanted to hide, to get to shelter. And because of his chivalry and fineness, because he would as lief prize open a money-box, or open a letter not addressed to him, as force the emotion upon her that was making his own colour come and go, unsteading his voice, he said no more to her. And soberly, for all he was so secretly thrilled and elated and sure that they understood each other, he agreed that it was getting late, and that their truant holiday was over.

Afterwards they spoke of trivial things, of the boxes that must be packed, and what he would take with him and what leave behind; in whose keeping he would leave the care of dog or ferret. It was not until they were in sight of the house, not until in the distance he saw his mother on the terrace, that he said to her again in that low, unsteady voice:

"You won't forget?"

The strange new shyness with him broke like a flower in her heart into a too poignant sweetness. She shook her head, and that was all. But he took it as the ratification of her promise, following her with his heart lightened.

MR. PEACHEY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

From Mrs. Henry Dudeney's "Set to Partners." (Duffield.)

Angelina Peachey, always overlooked because of the more noticeable beauty of her little sister Blanche, comes home from an evening party looking her best, thanks to Mrs. Chope, friend, mentor and music teacher.

ANGELINA, in one of her rapid glances, absorbed afresh these well-known and deeply-admired objects. She was fortified by them. Blanche began to talk at once: saying who she had danced with and what she had for supper. It had been a beautiful supper: but, for Angelina, the dainty sandwiches might have been spread with so much sawdust. She had been wretched about Arthur Rogers, and possessed by the imagination of what her incurable grief would be if he died.

Mr. Peachey, sitting quietly upon the horse-hair sofa, with his head back against one wool antimacassar and another one rolled round his knees, surveyed his girls curiously. He had not seen them before they went to the *soirée*. He had been lying down, as he often did. Sometimes, so their mother upon these occasions told the children, business affairs exhausted him.

She looked up now from the table where she sat filling in a Berlin wool footstool cover with claret colour, and said sharply, through Blanche's patter:

"Tim! I do wish you wouldn't twist the antimacassar round your legs like that."

She was particular about the antimacassars. In summer-time, cotton ones hung over the backs of the chairs, and in winter, as now, there were wool ones, of double Berlin wool and made in shaded colours. They looked, so Angelina thought, beautifully rich.

"Nonsense! I must keep my legs warm. Come her, Angelina. Come at once, when I tell you."

She was standing in the middle of the room, perfectly still and quite silent. He had stared from one child to the other. Blanche was so flushed that her cheeks looked coarsened and even painted. That girl was tawdry and utterly cheap; she was like her mother. In this scornful way, he dismissed her, although, hitherto, she had been his pet. Angelina he had scolded or ignored; once—but he was ill then, and he now, with shame, recalled that occasion—he had boxed her ears, although she had done nothing to deserve it.

He remembered, and it was clear that she had not forgotten; for when he said "Come here, Angelina," she appeared to cower. Poor little soul, with her fragile loveliness and her curious, proud manner of solitary sorrow—odd in a child! Timothy Peachey hated himself.

"Come along," he said, and smiled.

When he smiled, it wasn't often, all the Irish charm which lay *perdu* in the man burst through. The husk of him, which was bearing with his arid domestic affairs and trying to stun himself by the application of an even more arid and hopeless philosophy, dropped apart and showed the clean, sweet kernel. Angelina went slowly up, fixing him with her

blue eyes. She sat, not speaking, on the sofa. Blanche was saying shrilly to her mother :

"I danced every dance. I was much admired. Mamma, I couldn't help hearing people say so. Mrs. Drummond said—there were lots of parents there, and I wish you had gone too—'What is the name of that little fairy with the blue sash who is dancing with Basil?'—her boy, Basil Drummond, you know. I couldn't help hearing."

Mrs. Peachey, kissing her, said :

"S—sh, darling, don't make too much noise. Grandmamma has been ill since you went to the party and we had to send for the doctor. She is asleep now."

Timothy Peachey, with a funny gruff sound that might have been a moan, was cuddling Angelina close up to him, and for the first time since she had been small.

"You are a little dark beauty and a darling," he said, delicately touching the coral wreath.

It had slipped forward and curved above her straight, fine brows that were so black.

The caressing charm of his voice—that South Irish voice which was Kitty's too, and also Grandmamma's—allured her. With an intense response to this new tenderness, she put both bare arms deliberately round his neck. There was nothing birdlike and quick about Angelina's gestures, although thoughts flew and eyes darted. In movement, wings kept folded.

He wondered what those arms were saying as they tightly clasped him.

For Angelina's part, those words of his, "You are a little dark beauty and a darling," wiped out every sense of injury, and for ever. She had always adored, and now she canonized him.

Non Fiction

THE RUNAWAY.

From Will Levington Comfort's biography, "Mid-stream." (Doran.)

The author of "Routledge Rides Alone," "Down Among Men," etc., writes a biography that reads like romance—the story of his life up to the "half-way"—the time when he stands in midstream and can clearly see the way he has come. An early chapter tells much about his grandfather, a minister.

I WALKED on ahead toward the church, a mile away; my grandfather was to drive with the old mother of the farm-house. Ten minutes afterward the rig passed me on the road. I didn't understand. He was always a perfect horseman. The beast was in a high slow lope, but I was too young to know from the reddened eyes, and the bit-chewing, that he meant business. . . . I saw the old woman's mouth. It was open, round, as if an egg was to be produced from it. One rein, my grandfather held close to his breast; the other was well in hand. His face was set. He was speaking to the horse, a long-bodied bay, with a head like a reptile, notoriously wicked over the country-side.

The strangeness of it all was that I was not excited. There was a hush upon everything, that saintly enchantment of Sunday, the high vividness of an August nine-o'clock. Three farm-boys ahead were excited. They

knew; and yet, they had stood aside as I did, to let the runaway pass. They yelled to me what would happen. . . . We saw the carriage suddenly blown forward. The mankiller had straightened out.

The rest of the mile to the church was a matter of seconds; the buggy was whipped along like an umbrella in a cyclone. There was an explosion of dust at the church when the bay turned in. I had an instant profile of the beast stretched out in the run, the buggy careening. The boys called from ahead that the rig had turned over.

They were just lifting the old woman when I reached there. She was covered with dirt and blood; and the sounds that came from her were like a hideous snoring. She lived. My grandfather was upon his feet, asking for help to remove his coat. I remember how slim he looked after the black frock coat was removed, and how white his linen in the sun.

He had been thrown upon the field-stones of the steps of the church, where he was to preach that perfect morning—his body broken from collar-bone to hip on one side; yet he had stood while they helped him remove his coat from the ruin; and walked to the parsonage. The second night afterward he died.



FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE.

From "Europe After 8:15." By H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan and Willard Huntington Wright. (Lane.)

The special characteristics of night life in the five most prominent cities of Europe are here depicted.

MACAULEY'S New Zealander, so I hear, will view the ruins of St. Paul's from London Bridge; but as for me, I prefer that more westerly arch which celebrates Waterloo, there to sniff and immerse myself in the town. The hour is 8:15 post meridien and the time is early summer. I have just rolled down Wellington Street from the Strand, smoking a ninepence Vuelta Abajo, humming an ancient air. One of Simpson's incomparable English dinners—salmon with lobster sauce, a cut from the joint, two vegetables, a cress salad, a slice of old Stilton and a mug of bitter—has lost itself, amazed and enchanted, in my innumerable recesses. My board is paid at Morley's. I have some thirty-eight dollars to my credit at Brown's, a ticket home is sewn to my lingeries, there is a friendly jingle of shillings and sixpences in my pocket. The stone coping invites; I lay myself against it, fold my arms, blow a smoke ring toward the sunset, and give up my soul to recondite and mellow meditation.

There are thirteen great bridges between Fulham Palace and the Isle of Dogs, and I have been at pains to try every one of them; but the best of all, for such needs as overtake a well fed and ruminative man on a summer evening, is that of Waterloo. Look westward and the towers of St. Stephen's are floating in the haze, a greenish slate colour with edges of peroxide yellow and seashell pink. Look eastward and the fine old dome of St. Paul's is slipping softly into greasy shadows. Look downward and the river throws back its innumerable hues—all the coal tar dyes plus all the duns and drabs of Thames mud.

"Myths and Legends" that "On the night of January 6 you may cut a branch from it, having first asked permission, and spat thrice if no answer comes from the wood. With the branch you will mark a magic circle in a lonely field, stand at the centre, surrounded with such kinds of bloom and berry as you have saved from St. John's night, and, so prepared, you will demand of the devil, then abroad, some of his precious fern-seed that gives to you the strength of thirty men. Though the evil one is foot-free on that night, he is still under the spell of good Hulda, and when a wand of her wood is directed against him he must obey, and the fern-seed will be brought by a shadowy somebody, folded in a chalice cloth."

Incidentally, Elder wood cures toothache, keeps the house from attack, fends off snakes, mosquitoes and warts, quiets nerves, interrupts fits, removes poison from metal vessels, keeps worms out of furniture, and guarantees that he who cultivates it shall die in his own house. Skinner adds that "if this cross be planted on the grave—as in the Tyrol, where peasants lift their hats to the Elder—the beatitude of the buried is understood when it bursts into bloom and leaf; if it fails to flower, the relatives may draw their own conclusions."

THE CHIEF OBLIGATION OF LOVERS.

From Mary Austin's "Love and the Soul Maker."
(Appleton.)

A discussion, with a very slight groundwork of fiction, of the fundamentals of love and marriage from a viewpoint at the same time modern and idealistic.

"BUT marriage is so personal," Valda began to say.

About as personal as getting a living or an education. Love, quite as much after marriage as before it, has its own way with us. It is no more possible to be married all to oneself than it is to go to school that way. At every turn we are overshadowed by the racial experience. And, since love does not always sing in the ecstatic key, it is important in moments of dryness and doubt to be able to turn with certainty to the profoundest moods and interpretations which such experience has revealed to us. The attempt to



SHE WAS GOOD TO LOOK AT WITH HER CHEEK WHIPPED PINK BY THE WIND
FROM "THE TWO SISTERS" BY VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER
Hearst's International Library Co.

derive the authority for marriage modes from revealed religion has blinded the general intelligence to their natural derivation from experimentation.

Under all the stupidities of civilization there is still operative in man an instinct as self-preservation as the movement of the natural animal to reject unsuitable food. By study, all forms and modes of marriage are seen to resolve themselves into the working of this instinct to prevent the too early withering of mate-love before its purpose is accomplished. The impulse which rejects the word "obey" from the marriage service is one with the impulse which retains "honor and cherish." What it means is simply that we have discovered that obedience has nothing to do with the permanence of love, but that no set of experiments has revealed a way to keep it alive and alight without honor and cherishing. Whether its ultimate purpose be to rear

children or to enrich the race by raising the plane of personal achievement, so long as there remains anything of that purpose unaccomplished, the primary obligation of lovers is to love. It is around this working necessity that the duties and proprieties of marriage are centered, from it they take their sole extenuation or compulsion. To love and to keep on loving. This is the one way of making marriage do its work in the world. Any call for reorganization of the fashion of living together, such as arise from time to time in our changing social environment, must conform itself to this necessity. It must derive its authority not from any pre-existing code of ethics or religion, but from its capacity to nourish the eternal need of each for the other.



FRONTISPICE FROM "THE ROSE OF ROSES" BY
MRS. HENRY BACKUS
The Page Co.

SOME TRAITS OF THE BUCCANEERS— AMIABLE AND OTHERWISE.

From Dr. C. L. G. Anderson's "Old Panama and Castilla del Oro." (Page.)

A narrative history of the discovery, conquest and settlement by the Spaniards of Panama, Darien, Veragua, Santo Domingo, Santa Marta, Cartagena, Nicaragua and Peru. A chapter is given to the Buccaneers in the Caribbean and South Seas.

THE Buccaneers were civil to each other, and good order and discipline were observed aboard ship. The English generally held divine service each Sunday, and profanity and gaming were sometimes prohibited in the signed articles.

Captain Watling began his command by ordering the observance of the Sabbath; Richard Sawkins threw overboard the dice he found in use on that day; and Captain Daniel shot one of his crew for irreverent behavior when Pere Labat held mass on his ship. Before engaging in battle, prayers for success were often offered. After taking a town, part would repair to the church to sing a Te Deum,

while the remainder would loot and outrage the inhabitants.

Sometimes as many as thirty or forty small vessels, comprising one to two thousand men, would gather for an expedition. The Buccaneers usually attacked in small boats; often using canoes. They would so approach a galleon as to run in under her guns without getting in range, while the expert marksmen from among the *boucaniers* would pick off the gunners and the man at the wheel. Once alongside, the crew of one boat would wedge the rudder so that the ship could not maneuver, while the rest would quickly board her. The Buccaneers sometimes scuttled their own boats in order to cut off all retreat, and make themselves fight more desperately.

It seems to be a fact that the Buccaneers were uniformly successful, so that individual Spanish ships were driven from the Caribbean Sea. Spanish merchantmen sailed under convoy with the plate-fleets, one of which sailed yearly from Vera Cruz (San Juan de Ulloa), and the other from Puerto Bello. Conditions were very much as they had been in the previous century, when Hawkins, Drake, Frobisher, and other English privateers, preyed upon Spanish commerce, and paralyzed her trade with her colonies.

Plate and merchandise were the chief spoils of the Buccaneers. The loot and prizes were disposed of to the merchants and planters of St. Domingo, Martinique, Jamaica, and Curaçao, much to their profit; while the rum-shops and brothels of Petit Goaves and Port Royal were wide open to catch the pieces-of-eight. A share frequently amounted to from 1,000 to 5,000 dollars. Persons of note were held for ransom, while the remainder were set ashore, or put in a discarded ship. When a captured ship was held, she was given to the second in command of the Buccaneers. When a town was taken, the inhabitants were often locked in a church while the looting went on. Often-times persons were put to the torture to make them disclose hidden treasure.



YOUR LAWN AND ITS CARE.

From "The Commuter's Garden," Edited by W. B. Hayward. (T. Y. Crowell Co.)

A book for men and women who have moved from the city to suburban or country homes and do not know just how to make the most of whatever land they find at their disposal. It gives full information about the raising of the more common flowers and plants, the setting out of shrubs and vines, the planting of hedges, the successful management of a kitchen garden, the extermination of bugs and other pests, etc.

EVERY spring the jokesmiths revamp and illustrate anew those merry quips about Commuter and his lawn. You know the kind. There is a picture of Commuter, a lanky, sad-eyed person, breaking his back over a mowing machine that is out of all proportion to the size of his grass plot, and there is a line at the bottom to explain that this is one of the joys of suburban life.

Never mind. Let the jokesmiths have their fun. People must laugh, and why not at Commuter? Anyway, he doesn't care. Lawn-making is better exercise than making jokes

about lawn-makers, and if Commuter wanted to be disagreeable he might say that it required more brain matter.

March is a good month to think about grass. Perhaps Commuter took the precaution last November to spread a layer of rotted stable manure over his lawn; in that case, the grass roots have taken in a good deal of nourishment, which will result in vigorous growth later on. No doubt, some renovation will be necessary. Frost and ice are bound to leave their marks, and there will be unsightly bare spots to be seeded in April.

The use of the roller is most desirable, particularly in spring, when alternate thawing and freezing causes the ground to bulge. If the hummocks are not pressed down, the grass may be killed or injured before hot weather comes, and your lawn will be an ugly patchwork. Commuter does not always have a roller, but he can pound the hummocks down with the back of his spade, and so save his lawn, to some extent at least.

Spring renovating may be done without difficulty. If the surface is large, a light harrow should be used. If small, a steel rake will be sufficient to stir the surface, although one must be careful not to play havoc with the roots. Some, of course, will be injured in the process—that is to be expected. After sowing, rake the seed in, rolling or beating the surface as a final touch.

Commuter is often puzzled about his seed. A good plan is to consult the seedsman, giving him the area to be sown and telling him something about the quality of the soil. The seedsman can then gauge the quantity, and perhaps provide a special mixture, if the soil conditions warrant it. Professional lawn-makers believe in sowing a liberal quantity of seed in order to get a thick grass carpet quickly. One quart for each three hundred square feet is good measure.

Perhaps Commuter has a new place, and must make his lawn. He has the option of laying turf or sowing seed. Sods will not make a perfect lawn, even if they are carefully cut and laid. They have a tendency in dry weather to pull apart, and, moreover, sods usually contain a variety of coarse grasses. The best lawn, therefore, is the one formed by sowing a blend of seed in deep, rich loam, with gravel or porous soil beneath, to insure good drainage. Grass likes to send its roots deep in the ground to avoid frost and heat as well, and unless there is a substantial layer of surface soil, good results will not follow.

SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN.

From Henry C. Shelley's "Shakespeare and Stratford." (Little, Brown & Co.)

Mr. Shelley gives a comprehensive and accurate picture of Stratford, including detailed descriptions of the birthplace, New Place, the church and the Hathaway cottage. Information about hotels and excursions makes the volume especially valuable for the intending visitor. The chapter on the town is an example of the author's conscientious effort to picture things as they are.

THERE is, however, no denying the impeachment that Stratford is a singularly sophisti-

cated town. The commercialism of the "shrine" business is carried to excess. The annual Shakespeare festival is an example. It lasts for three solid weeks; twenty-one days to celebrate a birthday which is only a tradition! But the shopkeepers exploit tradition for three hundred and sixty-five days a year. They have set their hearts on six-pences and dollars. In the shadow of the old Clopton Bridge there is a steam-launch flaunting the legend "The George Washington—Welcome to the Avon," and that seductive greeting is duplicated all over the town. The picture-postal merchant lures with the "King John" quotation, "Have I not here the best cards?" there are "Shakespearean Depots" beyond count; there is an "As You Like It" tea-house; to catch the heretics one street boasts its "Bacon's Shakespeare Restaurant"; dealers in "antiques" unblushingly season "old" chairs and chests over their shop-fronts in full view of the unsuspecting tourist; and if the mulberry-tree relics are gone, the supply is inexhaustible of souvenirs made from wood taken from Shakespeare's church with a "certificate" thrown in. Even the church used to be tainted with that commercial spirit. Before the advent of the present vicar the porch and space just inside the door was a veritable mart for the sale of postals, guide-books, photographs, &c., and at every turn one saw mercenary placards announcing that the fee for this was so much and for that and the other so much more. Happily those money-changers' tables have been overturned.

Many "records" in "doing" the sights of Stratford have been established. They have, of course, been placed to the credit of "hustling" Americans. Instances are cited of couples seeing Europe for a wager who have startled the attendant of the church by the unseemly haste of their progress up the nave to the tomb and back to the door, while it is no uncommon thing for pilgrims to include between trains a dash for the birthplace, New Place, and the grave.

There are certain parts of Stratford which are unworthy of even such lightning sightseeing. Not that they are dirty, or ill-paved, or wretched-looking, but that they are blighted by the meanness of Victorian domestic house-building. Most of the streets still bear the names by which Shakespeare knew them, but the dramatist would be greatly exercised to recognize them in any other way. Even the "Old Town" district, save for a house or two, belies its name. There most do flourish those hard-lined red-brick villas which so-called architects were so fond of designing in the last century—abominations of brick and slate which are nowhere so offensive as in a town which can show superb examples of Elizabethan domestic architecture.

And yet, for those who will seek and spare time for the search, there are not a few buildings still surviving which provide suggestive food for the historic imagination. It is possible, indeed, to piece together a picture which will revive the aspect of the town as it was seen by Shakespeare's eyes in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

HOW MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY MET AN EMERGENCY.

From "Letters of a Woman Homesteader." (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

These are genuine letters, written without thought of publication, simply to tell a friendly story. Many are of considerable length and give a detailed picture of pioneer days in the West. The following extract is selected at random.

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, May 5.

DEAR MRS. CONEY—

Your letter of April 25 certainly was a surprise, but a very welcome one. We are so rushed with spring work that we don't even go to the office for the mail, and I owe you letters and thanks. I keep promising myself the pleasure of writing you and keep putting it off until I can have more leisure, but that time never gets here. I am so glad when I can bring a little of this big, clean, beautiful outdoors into your apartment for you to enjoy, and I can think of nothing that would give me more happiness than to bring the West and its people to others who could not otherwise enjoy them. If I could only take them from whatever is worrying them and give them this bracing mountain air, glimpses

of the scenery, a smell of the pines and the sage,—if I could only make them feel the free, ready sympathy and hospitality of the frontier people, I am sure their worries would diminish and my happiness would be complete.

Little Star Crosby is growing to be the sweetest little kid. Her mother tells me that she is going "back yan" when she gets a "little mo' richer." I am afraid you give me too much credit for being of help to poor little Molly. It wasn't that I am so helpful, but that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." It was Mrs. O'Shaughnessy who was the real help. She is a woman of great courage and decision and of splendid sense and judgment. A few days ago a man she had working for her got his finger-nail mashed off and neglected to care for it. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy examined it and found that gangrene had set in. She didn't tell him, but made various preparations and then told him she had heard that if there was danger of blood-poisoning it would show if the finger was placed on wood and the patient looked toward the sun. She said the person who looked at the finger could then see if there was any poison. So the man placed his finger on the chopping-block and before he could bat his eye she had chopped off the black, swollen finger. It was so sudden and unexpected that there seemed to be no pain. Then Mrs. O'Shaughnessy showed him the green streak already starting up his arm. The man seemed dazed, and she was afraid of shock, so she gave him a dose of morphine and whiskey. Then with a quick stroke of a razor she laid open the green streak and immersed the whole arm in a strong solution of bichloride of mercury for twenty minutes. She then dressed the wound with absorbent cotton saturated with olive oil and carbolic acid, bundled her patient into a buggy, and drove forty-five miles that night to get him to a doctor. The doctor told us that only her quick action and knowledge of what to do saved the man's life.

One day before long I will get busy and write you of a visit I shall make to a Mormon Bishop's household. Polygamy is still practiced.

Very truly your friend,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.



REAL AND IMITATION CAMPING.

From G. W. Hinckley's "Roughing It With Boys." (Association Press.)

Author wishes to show that successful camp life, for boys and their leaders, does not necessarily consist of hair-breadth escapes and blood-curdling incidents. There is no fiction in the book. The boys who were part of the camp life of these pages



THE WOMAN HOMESTEADER
FROM "LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER" BY ELINORE
PRUITT STEWART
Houghton Mifflin Co.



ON THE ANNUAL HIKE
FROM "ROUGHING IT WITH BOYS" BY G. W. HINCKLEY
Association Press

are real boys. Mr. Hinckley has little sympathy with elaborate "camps" so-called, which are shorn of all the factors which have commended camping to the thoughtful.

A FEW years ago, I had a party of boys in camp; a cottage near the tent was also available and the food was cooked in it. Several boys in the party preferred to sleep in the close chambers of the cottage; others slept in the tent until a wet night came and then deserted and went under a roof. For myself it was a joy to lie down under the canvas each night; I thought then, and I still think, that the boys who stood by the tent could have been selected by a stranger at a moment's notice. They had camped before and showed the benefit of former experiences.

The word "camp" is suggestive. It is pure Anglo-Saxon and means a "battle" or a "conflict"; this is the primitive meaning. Real camp life is a battle, a conflict; if you choose, it is a conquest. Those who enter it conquer or are conquered; those who conquer are ready for enterprise, for successful conflict in other fields.

But the camp is passing. Too much is done for the boys in many cases, and they are not left to their own resources as much as is good for them; it should hardly be called "camping out."

Many of the camps are so large that things must be done on the same scale as at a good-sized hotel; for all practical purposes the boys might as well be at a hotel if only it were in the woods or an open field. It is quite possible to breathe fresh air at an opened chamber window; it is quite possible to close a tent so tight that the air will become quickly poisoned; it is quite possible for a boy to spend days and weeks in a "camp" with little or no benefit.

A comparatively new thing has come into sudden prominence; it is the "summer camp" robbed of those features which make the real

camp worth while. I am told that one boy's camp had many dishes to wash; it took two men to "do" them. A dish-washing machine was purchased at a cost of \$200; now it takes two men to run the machine.

Thousands of dollars have been expended in "camps" this year upon tennis courts, baseball fields, and other forms of amusement which the boys could have at their homes, or in any village, or at a summer hotel; it is quite customary for the leaders of a camp to show visitors their splendid equipment, and many of them are splendid. There are real benefits accruing to boys who spend the summer, or a part of it, at such places, but the benefits are those which come from out-door life anywhere; in the meantime the woods are calling to boys to enjoy the test and development of primitive ways of living; the boys are not responding because an easier—even a luxurious—substitute is offered.

A little roughing it for the boy is the finest of all experiences; he is not likely to take it, even for his own good, so long as the softer thing is popularized and made the only thing in sight. Real camping—the conquest with natural forces, the quest for one's own food, the battle against odds in primitive living, though undertaken for fun and change and personal benefit—is passing.



OUT OF THE PEDDLER'S PACK.

From Margaret Lynn's "A Stepdaughter of the Prairie." (Macmillan.)

Pioneer days in the West, through the eyes of a little prairie girl.

THERE was another itinerant class of endless interest to us. It was a day of grief when the agent began to supersede the peddler. There can be no comparison between the person who hastens light-armed from town to town, enticing his customers with samples or specimen pages or a pros-



SCENERY VERSUS FOOD

FROM "ROUGHING IT DE LUXE" BY IRVIN COBB

George H. Doran Co.

pectus, and the peddler, trudging the long country roads with his honest wares on his weary back. At our house we always bought something from the peddler, because we lived so far from the road and it was a pity to have him come all that way for nothing. For the same reason we gave him dinner or supper often, and even allowed him to stay all night. Those were the best times of all, for then he did not open his pack until after supper, and we could all sit round and see it, the children in an inside ring on the floor. Anything out of a peddler's pack was much more desirable than an article from a store. For a store was merely a store; but this pack had been carried and carried along who knew what unknown country roads, and opened in what strange places. It had a flavor of far-off regions.

The little men themselves, with their smooth, commercial obsequiousness and their queer accent, had a strangeness very unwestern. There was a remarkable likeness in their packs when opened out. They always had fringed things with red borders, towels and napkins and tablecloths, "real Irish linen, madam," and a poplin dress pattern, and beads, and jewelry in alluring settings, and thimbles and combs and zephyr shawls and cotton lace and bandanas and flowered silk handkerchiefs. If we could have had our way, we should have bought the whole pack of charming things outright, and sent the little man back to his mysterious source to get an-

other. And yet the most fascinating part of the whole performance was to see the goods packed away again; we never missed watching him fit all his wares exactly and carefully into place, and tie his square of smelly black oilcloth over them.



AN ALL BUT FATAL ERROR—AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

From Irvin Cobb's "Roughing It De Luxe." (Doran.)
Mr. Cobb gives a racy account of experiences in de luxe traveling in America and Europe.

On the day after my arrival I made one very serious mistake; in fact, it came near to being a fatal one. I met a lady, and naturally right away she asked me the customary opening question. Every conversation between a stranger and a resident begins according to that formula. Still it seemed to me an inopportune hour for bringing up the subject. It was early in March and the day was one of those days which a greenhorn from the East might have been pardoned for regarding as verging upon the chilly—not to say the raw. Also, it seemed to be raining. I say it seemed to be raining, because no true Southern Californian would admit any actual defects in the climatic arrangements. If pressed he might concede that ostensibly an infinitesimal percentage of precipitation was descending, and that apparently the mercury had descended a notch or two in the tube. Further than that, in the absence of the official reports, he would not care to commit himself.

You never saw such touching loyalty anywhere! Those scoffing neighbors of Noah who kept denying on there was going to be any flood right up to the moment when they went down for the third time were rank amateurs alongside a seasoned resident of Los Angeles. I was newly arrived, however, and I hadn't acquired the ethics yet; and, besides, I had contracted a bad cold and had been taking a number of things for it and for the moment was, as you might say, full of conflicting emulsions. So, in reply to this lady's question, I said it occurred to me that the prevalent atmospheric conditions might for the nonce stand a few trifling alterations without any permanent ill effects.

I repeat that this was a mistake; for this particular lady was herself a recent arrival, and of all the incurable Californians, the new ones are the most incurable. She gave me one look—but such a look! From a reasonably solid person I became first a pulp and then a pap; and then, reversing the processes of creation as laid down in Genesis, first chapter, and first to fifth verses, I liquefied and turned to gas, and darkness covered me, and I became void and without form, and passed off in the form of a vapor, leaving my clothes inhabited only by a blushing and embarrassed emptiness. When the outraged lady abated the intensity of her scornful gaze and I painfully reassembled my astral body out of space and projected it back into my earthly tenement again, I found I'd shrunk so in these various processes that nothing I wore fitted me any longer.

I shall never commit that error again. I know better now. If I were a condemned criminal about to die on a gallows at the state penitentiary, I would make the customary announcement touching on my intention of going straight to Heaven—condemned criminals never seem to have any doubt on that point—and then in conclusion I would add that after Southern California, I knew I wouldn't care for the climate Up There. Then I would step serenely off into eternity, secure in the belief that, no matter how heinous my crime might have been, all the local papers would give me nice obituary notices.

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DAZZLING BUENOS AIRES.

From John Foster Fraser's "The Amazing Argentine." (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

Mr. Fraser made a special visit to the Argentine to gather material for this book. He writes in a popular vein, describing the extraordinary development of the country, the life of the Spanish-Italian population, social customs, etc.

THE conservatism of the old Spaniard has completely disappeared. The Argentine wants the latest and the best. If one goes forth to gather faults it is easy enough to get a basketful. What drew me, however, was not so much listening to a catalogue of things he is not, but to mark down what he is, what he has done and is doing, and what he intends to do. As a small instance, in Buenos Aires the habit of the Spanish siesta is abandoned. There is no pulling down of business shutters between noon and three o'clock. The climate is enervating, but be the day never so steamy, with hot gusts panting from the north, the city is early alive with commerce, the suburban

trains are packed, the Stock Exchange is a babble of excitement—and there never seems to be any drawing of rein till five or six in the afternoon. There is hustle.

The way the population jumps up is phenomenal. It signifies much that an eighth of a million is added to the population of a capital in a single year. Skyscrapers now tower over the buildings which were thought enormous a dozen years ago. Notwithstanding the services of the policemen directing the traffic, there is often a tangle of motor-cars, electric tramcars, private carriages and carts. New broadways are being driven through the city, and up go palatial stores. Most English newspapers are modest in *locale*. But the Argentine newspapers keep in the sun. *La Prensa* is one of the best-informed journals in the world. It has a noble exterior to its offices. Inside are luxurious suites of rooms, lecture halls, libraries, and the public are invited to enter. Every public building, all the clubs, even the churches, seem to be tied up with long ropes of different coloured electric lamps, so that on nights of festival the switch is jerked and the whole place is radiantly illuminated.

It is all very wonderful. The confusion, the barbarism, the love of beauty and the display of dollars, the inflow of invested gold, the coming of the immigrant, the whirl of business, the big deals, the gambling, the making of fortunes and the losing of fortunes, dazzle the mind. But you feel the fascination of Buenos Aires. It has grown so astonishingly in so short a time that you gasp when you contemplate how much more it is likely to grow.



BREAKING IN HORSES IN THE ARGENTINE

FROM "THE AMAZING ARGENTINE" BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Funk & Wagnalls Co.

BOOKS FOR VACATION READING

A classified and selected list of recently published books, especially those suitable for vacation reading. The accompanying annotations are descriptive rather than critical, are intended to be unbiased, and are mainly informative of the scope and purpose of the book noted. If an entry is not annotated it means either that we have received no copy of the book for notice, or that the publication has been noted previously in the Book Review. Publishers' names will guide to the advertisements which frequently contain more extended descriptive notes. Any book mentioned here will be supplied at the shortest notice.

Fiction

THE HEART'S COUNTRY. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Illus. by Alice Barber Stephens. 291p.12mo. *Harp.* \$1.35n.

Story of the love-life of a charming and sensitive girl, impulsive, eager for joy, yet with deep-seated ideals not always in harmony with her impulses. The story of her development from childhood to her happy marriage is told with intimacy of understanding, humor and tenderness. Ellen Payne is so full of eager life that she frequently shocks the prim New England village of fifty years ago in which she lives. Then comes the charming city youth who wins her love, and through whom she learns what pain is. In the end she finds that Alec Yorke, her life-long friend, is the real meaning of her life.

SWEETAPPLE COVE. By Geo. Van Schaick. Front. by G. W. Gage. 386p.12mo. *Small, M.* \$1.35n.

John Grant, a young doctor, goes to Sweetapple Cove, a poor little fishing village in Newfoundland, to practice among the people who have never had a doctor. A wealthy yachtsman breaks his leg while fishing and his daughter sends for Grant. By degrees the girl is drawn into work for the people and when Grant gets diphtheria from one of the children, she nurses him, sends her father's yacht for a doctor and new supplies, and realizes that her heart is with Grant and his work. Pictures of the inhabitants and their hard lives in bleak Newfoundland are vividly drawn.

PENROD. By Booth Tarkington. Illus. by Gordon Grant. 348p.12mo. *Doub., P.* \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE SHIELD OF SILENCE. By Marg. Ellen Henry-Ruffin. 463p.12mo. *Benz.* \$1.35n.

Story with part of the action in the United States and part in the north of Spain. Gives pictures of life among the Basques in the most picturesque part of Europe and an account of the political conditions in Spain. Some of the chapters deal with the Barcelona riot and the influences that led up to the outbreak. Chief interest of the story lies in the fact that the knowledge of a crime had been intrusted to a priest, who of course is bound to secrecy. One lesson brought out is that every crime brings its own punishment and that no human justice can punish a criminal so effectively as his or her—the latter in this case—own conscience.

A LADY AND HER HUSBAND. By Amber Reeves. 370p.12mo. *Put.* \$1.35n.

Story of two strong personalities clashing with each other in defense of their antagonistic ideals. The woman's soul has been suddenly awakened to altruistic activities. She becomes an active worker among the forces for social betterment. The man is an individualist. To him success means the overcoming of his weaker brethren—the expansion of his power at no matter what cost to others. For a while this parts them, but they come together again, each having conceded something through love of the other.

THE LAST SHOT. By Frederick Palmer. 527p. 12mo. *Scrib.* \$1.35n.

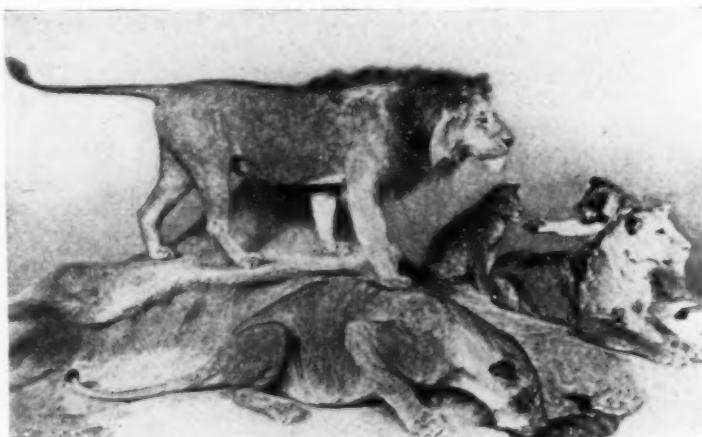
Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

RED WRATH. By John Oxenham. 416p.12mo. *Lane.* \$1.25n.

Scene is laid in the little granite Isles of Chausey and in Paris during and after the Franco-Prussian War. Ronan Kerzec is in love with Aliette Kerello, but their fathers are at feud. Just as Ronan starts off to his two years' naval service, Pierre Kerello is murdered. Then comes the war and Ronan, through a series of mischances all engineered by his rival for Aliette's hand, is first thrust in the fighting at a barricade, then a Communist prisoner. His captures and escapes are thrilling and his final vindication also clears the mystery surrounding Kerello's death.

UNTO CAESAR. By Baroness Orczy. 384p. front.12mo. *Doran.* \$1.35n.

Setting is Rome in the days of the mad Emperor Caligula. Taurus Antinor, prefect and great soldier, has riches and honors heaped upon him by Caesar, and when a conspiracy against the ruler becomes open and successful rebellion, he is the man chosen to succeed to the imperial throne. Taurus had seen



FROM "LIFE HISTORIES OF AFRICAN GAME ANIMALS" BY
THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND EDMUND HELLER
Charles Scribner's Sons

and heard Jesus seven years before and had become a Christian. He refuses to accept the crown because of his oath of loyalty to Caligula, is the means of restoring the emperor to power, even though it means renouncing Dea Flavia Augusta, the woman he loves. Dea Flavia also becomes a Christian, follows her lover into exile and when she finds him, goes with him to teach their faith to the heathen.

THE HOME OF THE SEVEN DEVILS. By Horace W. C. Newte. 405p.12mo. *Lane.* \$1.35n.

Romantic story of a young man who, when his parents died, before he was twenty, entered a monastery, becoming Friar Anselm, a Franciscan, at Ypres. He is beginning to feel the call of youth and his native Sussex Downs when he learns that he is heir to his cousin's estates and money, which if he renounces will pass to another cousin. He is released from his vows, returns to the world as Paul Quillan, and learns the lesson "that the heart of a beautiful woman is the abiding place of at least seven devils."

THINGS. By Alice Duer Miller. 48p.12mo. *Scrib.* \$1n.; 50c.n.

Mrs. Royce, a devoted mother with great executive ability, manages her household and family so completely that unconsciously she keeps everyone at a nervous tension which reacts unfavorably upon

their health. Thinking that her young daughter is overwrought, she consults a nerve specialist, who after carefully observing the girl and other members of the household, advises Mrs. Royce to go away and leave them alone for a while as she is really the cause of the overstrain noticeable in them all. Upon her return she finds them all very well and happy but glad to see her, and she realizes that "things," not ideas, have filled her life and occupied her mind.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW. By Marian Keith.

352p.12mo. *Doran.* \$1.25n.

Legend says that at the end of the rainbow is a crock of gold. Roderick McRae set out when only six to find it, he searched for many years and then found something better. Scenes are laid in Canadian village of Algonquin, where live Lawyer Ed, the eternally light-hearted, who helps everyone, Angus McRae, Roderick's father, who devotes his life to helping the poor and the sinning, Helen Murray the young school teacher who helps Angus and teaches Roderick what the true crock of gold is, and many other characters.

THE MILKY WAY. By F. Tennyson Jesse.

335p.front.12mo. *Doran.* \$1.25n.

Peter and Vivian met first on a little freight packet plying between Penzance and London. Peter wrote, but nobody bought what he wrote; Vivian painted and nobody bought her pictures. The packet was run into by a sailing vessel and a young woman threw her baby into Vivian's arms, so then she had "Littlejohn" as well as Peter to look after. They joined a traveling show for a while where they annexed the "changeling," a queer, distorted girl, devoted to Vivian and Littlejohn. Leaving the show they go to some girl artists and manage to scrape together a living somehow. It is a record of a joyous, vagabondage which ends in Peter and Vivian marrying and settling down with their queerly acquired family at Secrecy Farm, the possession of which makes one of their adventures.

WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY? By Rupert Hughes.

511p.illus.12mo. *Harp.* \$1.35n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

E.; the Complete and Somewhat Mad History of the Family of Montague Vincent, Esq., Gent. 389p.12mo. *Duff.* \$1.35n.

Langdon Wallace introduces the Vincents, "Monty," his wife, and daughter "E." into Newport's most exclusive circles. An unfounded belief that Wallace intends to elope with his wife and difficulties in regard to money matters complicate the relations of the two men. E. and her mother eventually leave Newport and "Monty" in order to earn their own living. "Monty" makes a murderous attack upon Wallace and tries to rob his wife and daughter of the results of their business venture. A lover of E.'s girlhood turns up in time to save her from further misfortune.

THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE. By Cosmo Hamilton. 307p.12mo. *Doran.* \$1.25n.

Was first published as a novel, then dramatized by its author. Present edition has been much revised and has an entirely new introduction.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE GODMOTHER. By Elinor Glyn. Illus. by Grace Hart. 210p.12mo. *Apltn.* \$1.25n.

Matter-of-fact, yet startling advice to a young girl who is about to be introduced into society. This advice is upon the subjects of personal conduct at home, on the street, in the drawing room, upon personal habits, dress, religion, matrimony, the selection of a husband, bearing towards other people, etc. The title is drawn from the fact that each chapter is in the form of a communication to a young girl named Caroline and is signed "Your affectionate godmother, E. G."

KEEPING UP APPEARANCE. By Maximilian Foster. Illus. by Lester Ralph. 285p.12mo. *Apltn.* \$1.25n.

Vision of a \$5,000-a-year job in a New York broker's office lures a young couple from their modest life in a small town. They plunge into a restless, flashy, pleasure-loving world, and in this hectic atmosphere promptly contract the habit of

living far beyond the man's income and of keeping up appearances no matter at how great a cost. Blindly the young people follow this false doctrine and wade deeper and deeper into debt and despair. Driven by necessity, tempted by false hopes the hero speculates, loses heavily, and when discovered, is dismissed and is left stranded on the reefs of financial ruin. How this young couple meet disaster and extricate themselves from this slough of despond is one of the sane, hopeful lessons taught by this story.

GLORY OF THE PINES. By Wm. Chalmers Covert. Illus.12mo. *Presb. Bd.* \$1.25n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE HOOSIER VOLUNTEER. By Kate Boyles & Virgil Dillin Boyles. Illus. by Troy & Marg. West Kinney. 389p.12mo. *McClg.* \$1.35n.

Picture given in opening chapters is of pioneer life in a backwoods community in Indiana. The boys and girls at school, at home, at work and play. It is at this time that Sammy Goodman sees his father shot down and the murderer escape, and vows to bring him to justice. Later comes the Civil War, the boys volunteer and we follow their fortunes in camp and on the battlefield. Sammy comes across his father's murderer, but it is only after more fighting and some mysterious adventures that he captures the man. Of course, there is one girl in particular for Sammy and she manages to plague him greatly before he wins her.

PLAYING WITH FIRE. By Mrs. Amelia Barr. Illus. by Howard Heath. 333p.12mo. *Apltn.* \$1.35n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE MARRYERS; a history gathered from a brief of the Honorable Socrates Potter. By Irving Bacheller. 222p.illus.12mo. *Harp.* \$1n.

For years Whitfield Norris, a financier, had been blackmailed. In his youth he served a term in prison, having taken his father's guilt on his own shoulders, and his constant dread was that his family should discover his secret. He finally put the matter into the hands of Socrates Potter, and then took his family to Europe. Potter joins them, and tells amusingly of how he defeated various titled Italians who wanted to marry Gwendolyn Norris, stopped the blackmailer, and was the means of bringing Gwendolyn and a fine young American together.

WITH THE BEST INTENTION. By Bruno Lessing. Illus. by M. Leone Bracker. 348p.12mo. *H. I. L. Co.* \$1.25n.

A schnorrer is an amiable individual of Jewish extraction who lives by his wits and never works if he can help it. Lapidowitz finds the calling an easy and pleasant one in America. This "complete story" is filled with his amusing experiences in the pursuit of wealth without work.

THE SECRET OF THE NIGHT; further adventures of Rouletabille. By Gaston Leroux. 374p.illus.12mo. *Macaulay.* \$1.25n.

Rouletabille, hero of "The mystery of the yellow room," is again employed to solve a mystery. This one is connected with a Russian general whose life is constantly threatened and against whom several plots have already been discovered. Suspicion falls upon his daughter, and also upon his wife, which is really guilty makes the crux of the tale.

HYACINTH. By "G. A. Birmingham." 316p.12mo. *Doran.* \$1.20n.

Hyacinth is a young man. He is first met as a raw recruit from western Ireland, in Dublin University, where he is studying for holy orders. His outspoken dislike for the English develops an unpopularity, which ostracizes him. He leaves the university, tries first enlisting with revolutionists, but disagrees with the command—then commercial travelling claims him, only to lose him because of his particular religious beliefs. When he finally marries the daughter of a canon, he takes a charge in England.

THE BAD TIMES. By G. A. Birmingham. 288p.12mo. *Doran.* \$1.20n.

One of author's earlier books included in this uniform edition by his request. It is based on the hereditary incapacity of Englishmen and Irishmen to understand each other. Time of story is the late 70's and early 80's when Ireland was in a turmoil. Stephen Butler returns to his estates to help the people, but in the end is shot by mistake. Book gives careful picture of the people and conditions of the period.

SET TO PARTNERS; a novel. By Mrs. H. E. Dudeney. 322p.12mo. *Duff.* \$1.25n.

There is a medley such as one would expect from the old-fashioned dance phrase that gives title to this story of England in the 80's. Angelina Peache, beautiful beyond her place in life, her wonderful and wicked old grandmother, her adoptive mother, Lady Johns, are among the chief characters. How Angelina loves two men, but is the lawful wife of neither, and in the end devotes her life to both of them, make the tale.

MIRANDY. By Dorothy Dix. Illus. by E. W. Kemble. 256p.12mo. *H. I. L. Co.* \$1n.

There is no subject in the whole range of human experience that this untiring, dusky philosopher of the washtubs fears to tackle. From the feminine question to the revision of the ten commandments she reviews them all and Mirandyisms are as amusing as they are wise.

THE COST OF WINGS, AND OTHER SHORT STORIES. By Rich. Dehan. 313p.12mo. *Stokes.* \$1.25n.

Contents: Cost of wings; A faded romance; An Indian baby; Yvonne; Delusion of Mrs. Donohue; Ponsonby and the pantheress; Fat girl's love story; In the fourth dimension; The gewgaw; Night of Power; Man who could manage women; Obsessed; Vanished hand; Ordeal by fire; How the mistress came home, etc.

THE YELLOW ANGEL. By Mrs. Mary Stewart Daggett. 235p.illus.ports. *Browne & H.* \$1n.

Most of book is taken up with series of sketches in which Sue Chang, a Chinese cook, is the principal character. Effect upon him, first of the Boxer outbreak, then of the establishment of the Chinese Republic, is described with considerable detail. There are also, in the book, three short stories of Los Angeles's Chinatown.

CORDELIA BLOSSOM. By Geo. Randolph Chester. Illus. by Hy. Raleigh. 384p. *H. I. L. Co.* \$1.35n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE "GOLDFISH"; being the confessions of a successful man. 340p.12mo. *Cent.* \$1.30n. Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

PUNCH AND JUDY. By Edn. W. Pugh. 323p. 12mo. *Bobbs-M.* \$1.35n.

Punch and Judy are twin brother and sister, children of London's slums and it is Punch, who has a poetic strain in his character, who influences in some degree everyone he comes in contact with. Central interest is the love affair of a young musical genius and a beautiful artist's model. Una Vani, born and brought up in Sceptre Court, Soho, captivates Crispin Pix, a composer and a gentleman, but she refuses him and marries another man. We leave Pix with the promise of happiness with a woman of his own caste. Charm of the tale is made by the crossing lives of all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, from the broken-down actor, to the folk of wealth and culture who wander into Bohemia.

THE SULTANA. By Henry C. Rowland. Illus. by A. B. Wenzell. 303p.12mo. *Dodd, M.* \$1.25n.

The Sultana is a valuable blue diamond which has been set in a tiara as a wedding gift to the



COVER DESIGN FROM "DODO'S DAUGHTER" BY E. F. BENSON
The Century Co.

daughter of the Duke of Irancoy. Robert Sautrelle starts in a motor from Paris to deliver the gift, but is held up and robbed. Various clues lead him to the Baron Vilzhoven's chateau where there is a house party among whom are two young Americans. Events come fast and furious, so fast indeed, that before twelve hours are passed the tiara is recovered and two young men have won brides.

BEDESMAN 4. By Mary J. H. Skrine. Front. by Esther C. Adlington. 284p.16mo. *Cent.* \$1n.

David, son of an English quarryman, is a brilliant lad. His little sister, Emily, a plodding, faithful child, adores him. Oxford professor secures David an appointment to a free school and the lad absorbs the new atmosphere like a sponge. He takes a scholarship and goes to Oxford, where he meets and falls in love with Gwen, a beautiful, high-born girl. There is a dramatic scene when David looks up from the dinner table, at this aristocrat's house, to discover his sister Emily the maid-servant, who is waiting on the table. David proves that he has the soul of a gentleman and Gwen, that she is a real aristocrat.

THE QUARTERBREED. By Robt. Ames Bennet. Illus. by the Kinneys. 353p.12mo. *Browne & H.* \$1.25n.

Relates experiences of Captain Floyd Hardy, United States Cavalry, acting agent on an Indian reservation. Hardy's adventures began when he met Marie Dupont, daughter of Jake Dupont, the trader, and great-granddaughter of Sitting Bull, remarkably beautiful, a finished coquette, extremely proud, and possessed of a fiery temper. A dishonest interpreter provokes Indians against him, so that outbreak is but narrowly avoided, and to make matters worse it is discovered that there are valuable minerals on the reservation lands. Hardy does his best for the tribe, but white scoundrels nearly bring about his dismissal from the army before plot is finally unraveled.

WORLD'S END. By Amélie Rives, Princess Troubetzkoy. 4 illus. by Alonzo Kimball. 425p.12mo. *Stokes.* \$1.30n.
Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

IDLE WIVES. By Jas. Oppenheim. 426p.12mo. *Cent.* \$1.30n.

Tells of a wife, full of energy and potential achievement, with everything done for her, her children cared for competently by a governess, her

house cared for by well-trained servants, her husband too much occupied by his work to need her. The husband has old-fashioned ideas of a wife's duty of implicit obedience, and a hidden contempt for the intelligence of a woman outside the circle of her duties as a housekeeper and mother. How Anne Wall dynamites the situation by leaving her home and going to work as a probation officer with the unfortunates of the underworld, makes the story.

WHAT A MAN WANTS. By Chas. Marriott. 406p.12mo. *Bobbs-M.* \$1.35n.

Hero is Hugh Sutherland, a successful artist engaged to a charming, intellectual, but conventional girl. He has begun to feel that art is trammelled, that it should express the people's life and aspirations, and he joins with several more moderns in establishing a workshop and press embodying their ideas. Sylvia Bradley is opposed to all this, though tolerant of the points of view and at last breaks her engagement and finds happiness in marriage with a brilliant society novelist. Sutherland devotes his life to the new movement and finds that happiness lies that way for him, even if he cannot marry the woman he loves, whom he discovers is not Sylvia.

THE SALAMANDER. By Owen McMahon Johnson. Illus. by Everett Shinn. 543p.12mo. *Bobbs-M.* \$1.35n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THE INTERVENING LADY. By Edg. Jepson. Illus. by Hanson Booth. 405p.12mo. *Bobbs-M.* \$1.25n.

Lady Noggs, the heroine, is a child when story opens. She is lovely, an orphan and a peeress in her own right with an income of £40,000 a year. She is also gifted with humor and common sense. As a child she got into many scrapes, but always managed to emerge with all the honors of victory. As a young woman she adjusted all the affairs of a large family circle in a way which gave the greatest satisfaction to all concerned, even if she was a bit high-handed.

GILLESPIE. By J. MacDougall Hay. 619p. 12mo. *Doran.* \$1.40n.

Reviewed last month.

A SON OF THE AGES, THE REINCARNATIONS AND ADVENTURES OF SEAR, THE LINK; a story of man from the beginning. By Stanley Waterloo. Illus. by Craig Johns. 346p. 12mo. *Dou., P.* \$1.25n.

Reminiscences of a man who can remember from the time when he was an ape-man through his evolution to a Viking. First we have a vivid picture of him and his mate, It, living in the trees, inarticulate, but beginning to be manlike for he manages to crook his thumb over the palm and learns to use a club, the first weapon, he is the "link." Next he is conscious of himself as an ax-man, then a Bowman, a clansman, a boatman, a sower, as man the tamer, then there is the Deluge, he becomes a lake-dweller, a sailor and at last a Viking. In each existence he tells of man's development, his gradual emergence from the primitive state and the marked characteristic of each age.

THE GREEN SEAL. By Chas. Edmonds Walk. Illus. by Will Grefé. 413p.8vo. *McClellan.* \$1.35n.

Another name for the seal, which was set in a ring, was the Kiss of the Silent Death, and its trail was closely followed always by the Grim Reaper. At the time the story opens, a Los Angeles lawyer became heir to the ring, and soon after received a large and almost priceless diamond from an unknown source. How he became involved in most astonishing and dangerous experiences; how the heroine was an innocent victim of conditions which began years before in Tibet; and how finally the mysteries and troubles clear away, the seal and diamond reach their destined owners—and how Lois changes her mind, make an exciting story of love and mystery.

THE LAND OF PROMISE; a novelization of Wm. Somerset Maugham's play by D. Torbett. Illus. fr. photos. of the play. 312p.12mo. *Clod.* \$1.25n.

Nora Marsh, after being companion to a cantankerous woman for ten years, goes out to her brother in Canada. She finds prairie life impossible, quarrels with her sister-in-law, and in desperation marries a man who has been working for her brother, and is about to go back to his own farm. Frank Taylor thinks to tame Nora, who has a will of her own, and feels quite capable of controlling him and the situation. Both meet with surprise and disappointment, but work out a *modus vivendi* which suffices for the long winter months, hemmed in by snow and storm. When spring comes, an unexpected way of escape is offered. Nora, and then she finds she loves her husband and the life.

VIA P. & O. By Jane Stocking. 257p.12mo. *Dodd, M.* \$1n.

Letters written by a woman in Shanghai to her sister in England. Carola Freiheit has been married six years and when story opens she has just promised her sister to tell her the real state of affairs in her home. She relates the events of her married life which began in Japan where she knew five months of delirious happiness, then discovered her husband's unfaithfulness and that he considered it unnecessary for a man to be faithful to his wife. From that time they live their own lives, under the same roof, but a world apart. She manages to achieve a sort of peace and negative happiness and in her letters tells much of life in the foreign quarter of Shanghai. She meets and loves a fine man and then her husband demands that she return to him. Her meeting of this crisis ends the book.

SHEA OF THE IRISH BRIGADE; a soldier's story. By Randall Parrish. Front. in col. by Alonzo Kimball. 345p.12mo. *McClellan.* \$1.30n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

THROUGH OTHER EYES. By Amy McLaren. 403p.col.front.12mo. *Put.* \$1.25n.

Scene is English countryside. Maisie Yorke, an only child, has always queenied it over her little world, where she will succeed her father as owner of the manor. Then her father, thinking she needs a woman's curbing influence, marries again, a woman who irritates the girl and in whom she can see no good. It is this inability to see with another's eyes which develops the hard streak in the girl's nature, which it takes the love of a delightful youth, the birth of little twin half-brothers and her step-mother's death, to dissipate.

PETER PIPER. By Doris Egerton Jones. Front. by H. J. Peck. 342p.12mo. *Jacobs.* \$1.25n. Reviewed last month.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PETTICOAT. By Alvin Saunders Johnson. 411p.12mo. *Dodd, M.* \$1.30n.

Professor of philosophy, born and bred in New England, accepts a call to teach philosophy in a very small, odd, out-of-the-way college in Texas. He goes and what he sees, hears and experiences he recounts in a whimsical style. His stay in Texas adds little to the knowledge of philosophy in that state, but contributes to the good humor of a number of Texans, and incidentally to the amusement of the reader of his narrative. Of course, for such a good fellow as the professor proves himself to be, there must be a complement. There is—very pretty, very charming; and the professor's love affair with her adds the necessary touch to the novel.

UNDER HANDICAPS; a novel. By Jackson Gregory. 322p.front.12mo. *Harp.* \$1.35n.

William Conniston, Jr., had been given \$500 by his father and told that that and a ticket on a western road was all he should have for a year or until he had proved he was something besides a rich man's son. The sight of a pretty girl causes Conniston to drop off his train at a forlorn Colorado town where he promptly loses all his money. He

goes to Crawford's ranch, the pretty girl's home, takes a job as cow-puncher and proceeds to learn the market value of his former mode of life. A big irrigation scheme gives him a chance to use his engineering training and to show what he is worth. He makes good against heavy odds and wins the girl as well as a firm foothold in the West.

My GARDEN DOCTOR. By Frances Duncan. 192p.12mo. *Dou.*, P. \$1n.

Heroine had had a complete breakdown and found it hard to rally, in spite of her youth, until she took a sudden interest in an old German neighbor working in his garden. This stirred longings for a garden of her own, so she and her nurse took a little place in New Hampshire and Caroline began to make a garden. Working out-of-doors with growing things restored her health and poise while a man whose love of nature made him understand and help her need was the doctor who made all her future bright.

THE SWORD HAND OF NAPOLEON; a romance of Russia and the great retreat. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illus. by the Reeses. 360p.12mo. *Dodd, M.* \$1.35n.

Story opens at the height of the Little Emperor's glory, when yet the storms that were finally to engulf him were but dimly gathering on the horizon. All the famous names of the times appear as characters in the story: Murat, Ney, Oudinot, Devout, and many more. Scenes of the battlefield, of love and of intrigue breathe the spirit of daring and accomplishment that inspired the French people of that epoch. Tale moves through events until the great retreat from Moscow. The touch of romance that enlivens the story is found in the beautiful Russian princess who, unlike the rest of her ferocious people, falls a willing captive to her French lover, in spite of being betrothed to an officer of the Czar's guards, who is the brother of her lover.

MONKSBRIDGE. By John Ayscough. 345p.12mo. *Longm.* \$1.35n.

Scene is laid chiefly in a little town on the Welsh border which has a history of its own and which is the local center around and in reach of which lie the houses of several aristocratic and courtly families, old and new. Deals mostly with the fortunes of the Auberon family who unexpectedly inherit a small place in the old town; and the social development of Sylvia Auberon, who by her beauty and cleverness gradually becomes the centre of interest for the whole neighborhood.

OH, MR. BIDGOOD; a nautical comedy. By Peter Blundell. 342p.12mo. *Lane.* \$1.25n.

Action takes place aboard a steamer carrying contraband in the eastern seas during the Russo-Japanese War. First mate, second engineer and another minor officer, against regulations, enter into contracts to carry passengers. Result is a strangely assorted group, including two ladies. Mr. Bidgood, chief engineer, no sooner recovers from his fears of a consignment of gunpowder shipped as salt pork, when he is called upon to protect the ladies during a mutiny, instigated by a passenger, a bogus colonel. Tale is amusingly told.

STORIES OF RED HANRAHAN; The Secret Rose; Rosa Alchemica. By Wm. Butler Yeats. 231p.12mo. *Macm.* \$1.25n.

Red Hanrahan is in many respects like our Rip Van Winkle and his exploits are dear to the hearts of the Irish peasants. Here are gathered tales of some of his half-fantastic, traditional adventures. There are also ten short sketches under the main head "The secret rose," and one long one, "Rosa Alchemica."

THE FOREST MAIDEN. By Lee Robinet. Illus. by Geo. Brehm. 250p.12mo. *Browne & H.* \$1.25n.

Young man, hunting with a half-breed guide, catches sight of a beautiful girl standing on the shore of a lake in the midst of the woods. In spite of his superstitious guide's remonstrances, he starts in pursuit of the wood nymph, following her into the tangled, unbroken forest wilderness, and there meets with a series of adventures which involve him with a religious fanatic who calls himself

Adam, his wife, Eve, and the beautiful girl, Lili. They all live in the Garden Sanctuary under Adam's hypnotic rule, and it is with difficulty Kenmore rescues the women and discovers their real identity.

VANDOVER AND THE BRUTE. By Fk. Norris. 363p.12mo. *Dou.*, P. \$1.35n.

Manuscript of this story went through the San Francisco earthquake and fire and is here in book form in its first draught as it left the author's hand. It is a picture of the war which a man wages in his soul with varying success. How Vandover met the brute in him in many conflicts and was worsted, is the theme.

THE DESERT AND MRS. AJAX. By Edw. Moffat. 336p.illus.12mo. *Moff.*, Y. \$1.25n.
Reviewed last month.

LIFE IS A DREAM. By Rich Curle. 320p.12mo. *Dou.*, P. \$1.35n.

Short stories: Old Hoskyns; A remittance man; Blanca Palillos; The velvet suit; Going home; The lookout; A memory; Consolation; The emerald seeker.

THE STORY OF PHAEDRUS; how we got the greatest book in the world. By Newell Dwight Hillis. Illus. by G. W. Bardwell. 330p.12mo. *Macm.* \$1.25n.

Phaedrus, a Greek boy, steals a gold cup, a papyrus roll and a piece of goatskin from a Greek merchant in Ephesus. The leather holds the story of the prodigal son and this parable transforms Phaedrus. He goes to Palestine to find out about the Master who has been crucified in Jerusalem. Learning that the twelve apostles are also dead, he seeks out those who have known them, on the Nile, the Jordan, the Tigris and gathers reminiscences from shepherds, soldiers, artisans and fishermen which he brings back to Ephesus. This is the "Q" document, the lost source of the New Testament story.

THE COMIC KINGDOM; Napoleon, the last phase but two. By Rudolf Pickthall. 197p.illus.port.12mo. *Lane.* \$1n.

Adventures of a party of English visitors to the Isle of Elba, told with a good deal of humor. They followed closely Napoleon's sojourn on the island and a complete narrative of the happenings at Elba in his day is given. The visitors constantly find themselves in ludicrous situations in which Orestes, the courier, is a conspicuous and amusing figure.

THE WORLD SET FREE. By H. G. Wells. 308p.12mo. *Dut.* \$1.35n.
Reviewed last month.

THE DREAM DOCTOR; the new adventures of Craig Kennedy, scientific detective. By Arth. B. Reeve. Illus. by Will Foster. 379p.12mo. *H. I. L. Co.* \$1.35n.

A young newspaper reporter is assigned to watching the movements of Craig Kennedy, his detective friend. Results of his experience make twenty-four stories, each a detective novel in a nutshell.

THE MISADVENTURES OF THREE GOOD BOYS; that is to say, fairly good boys. By Henry A. Shute. Illus. by Sears Gallagher. 288p.12mo. *H. Miff.* \$1.25n.

A gang of three "holy terrors" get their fun and work off their surplus energies in various enterprises designed also to make money for them. Hence we find them editing a local paper; undertaking the business of bill posting; underwriting a contract for the collection of garbage, etc., in all of which they bring disaster upon their fellow townsmen. Many amusing incidents are told of forbidden fishing excursions, and the whole book is a breezy, hilarious narrative.

A GIRL'S MARRIAGE. By Agnes Gordon Lennox. 328p.12mo. *Lane.* \$1.25n.

Fay Beaumont and her brother make a compact never to marry. Later on, she learns that he is only prevented from marrying Mollie de Lisle by this promise. She proposes a secret marriage with Lord Malcolm Kinross, in order to clear Pat's path. She takes the step without any notion of the obligations

entailed, and is filled with horror on learning to what she has pledged herself. Lord Malcolm is killed in a motor accident. Second part of book tells of Fay's marriage to Dick Garnett, entered into in a spirit of friendship and of her finding out that friendship is not satisfying.

THE INCANDESCENT LILY, AND OTHER STORIES.
By Gouverneur Morris. 314p.12mo. Scrib.

\$1.25n.

Contents: Incandescent lily; Custody of the child; The championship; Tango in ten teachings; You can't get away with it; Perfect gentleman of Pelham Bay Park; Legay Pelham's headache; The Bostonian; Legay Pelham's protégée; The back seat.



HE BENT DOWN AND SOFTLY KISSED THE FINGERS
FROM "THE MARRIAGE OF CECELIA" BY MAUDE LEESON
G. P. Putnam's Sons

FLORIAN MAYR [DER KRAFT-MAYR]; a humorous tale of musical life. By Baron Ernst von Wolzogen. English by E. Breck & C. H. Genung. 402p.12mo. Huebsch.
\$1.35n.

Quoted from elsewhere in this issue.

Philosophy, Ethics, Psychology

MECHANISM, LIFE AND PERSONALITY; an examination of the mechanistic theory of life and mind. By J. S. Haldane. 146p. 12mo. Dut. \$1n.

DREAMS. By Henri L. Bergson. Trans., with an introd., by Edn. E. Slossen. 57p.12mo. Huebsch. 60c.n.

Bergson believes that by means of dreams we delve into the unconscious substratum of our mentality for the memories which are there stored, that these memories are living and purposeful and gain consciousness when the opportunity offers. He says that our memories are packed away under pressure like steam in a boiler, and the dream is their escape valve. A reading of the book makes it possible to interpret one's dreams and to discover their significance.

LETTERS FROM A LIVING DEAD MAN; written down by Elsa Barker, with an introd. 291p.12mo. Kenn. \$1.25n.

By author of "The Son of Mary Bethel," etc. Book is made up of letters which Miss Barker says in

her introduction, came to her from a friend who had died. She was one day strongly impelled to take up a pencil and write. Yielding to the impulse, her hand was seized as if from the outside, and a message of a personal nature came, followed by the signature "X." Later she learned that "X" was a nickname for an old friend in America, of whose death she did not learn until after writing the letter.

AN OUTLINE OF OCCULT SCIENCE. By Rudolf Steiner. 485p.12mo. Rand, McN. \$1.50n.

STUDIES IN THE CARTESIAN PHILOSOPHY. By Norman Smith. 290p.12mo. Macm. \$1.40n.

THE MESSAGE OF NEW THOUGHT. By Abel L. Allen. 291p.port.12mo. Crow. \$1.25n.

Basic ideas of New Thought are set forth, and the line of divergence is traced between the new system of religion and the orthodox creeds and Christian Science. Author shows that New Thought is really only a term used to convey the idea of growing or developing thought, and that it relates to what is new or progressive and may be characterized, in the summing-up, as an attitude of mind rather than cult.

RECENT PHYSICAL RESEARCH. By Dav. Owen. 158p.53illus.8vo. Van Nos. \$1.50n.

"An account of some recent contributions to experimental physics."

THE FOUNDATIONS OF NORMAL AND ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Boris Sidis. 423p. diagrs.8vo. Badg. \$2.50n.

Examines and states the fundamental principles of normal and abnormal psychology. The postulates, the essential theories of psychology are laid bare, analyzed, and clearly outlined. A new psycho-biological theory of mental life is developed based on the results of years of investigation. The theory gives an insight into the development of psychic activity and into the nature of normal and abnormal mental functions. Index.

THE CONCEPT OF CONSCIOUSNESS. By Edn. B. Holt. 359p.8vo. Macm. \$2.50n.

PSYCHOLOGY AND SOCIAL SANITY. By Hugo Münsterberg. 320p.12mo. Dou., P. \$1.25n.

Applies modern psychology to the practical tasks of life. Social problems and social reform are the subject. Author's contribution to the prevalent discussion of sex education is sane and enlightening and far from the popularly accepted campaign for wholesale instruction on the subject. He applies psychology to advertising problems, to the jury system, to efficiency on the farm, to the mind of the investor, society and the dance, and other questions prominently in the public mind.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MANAGEMENT. By L. M. Gilbreth. 351p.8vo. St. & W. \$2n.

"The function of the mind in determining, teaching, and installing methods of least waste. Psychology of management, as here used, means the effect of the mind that is directing work upon that work which is directed, and the effect of this undirected and directed work upon the mind of the worker"; this is author's definition of his subject. He has devoted much time to the study and practical application of efficient methods of work and gives the results in this book on the fundamentals of the science. Index.

SOME ROADS TOWARDS PEACE. By Chas. W. Eliot. 92p.8vo. Carnegie Endow. for Int. Peace. gratis.

"A report to the trustees of the Endowment on observations made in China and Japan in 1912."

RIGHT LIVING; messages to youth from men who have achieved. Ed. by Homer H. Cooper. 293p.12mo. McClg. \$1n.

Articles, for the most part, written especially for the students of Spiceland Academy. They are by practical and successful men and women, regardless of creed, and embody what each considers would be of greatest value for students and young people to know.

MYTHS OF THE HINDUS AND BUDDHISTS. By Marg. E. Noble & Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. 32 illus. in col. by Indian artists under the supervision of Abanindro Nath Tagore. 412p.8vo. *Holt.* \$4.50n.

Author lived in India for years and was regarded by natives almost as one of themselves. Her death occurred before she had finished book, which was completed by Dr. Coomaraswamy and illustrated by native artists. *Contents:* Mythology of the Indo-Aryan races; The Rámáyana; The Mahábhárata; Krishna; Buddha; Shiva; Other stories from the Puráñas, epics and veda's; Conclusion.

SUN LORE OF ALL AGES. By Wm. Tyler Olcott. 30 full-page illus. and several drawings. 359p.8vo. *Put.* \$2.50n.

"A collection of myths and legends concerning the sun and its worship." Solar myth lies at the foundation of all mythology and is here traced in its various forms and manifestations. *Contents:* Solar creation myths; Ancient ideas of the sun and moon; Solar mythology; Solar folk-lore; Sun worship; Sun-catcher myths; Solar festivals; Solar omens, traditions, and superstitions; Solar significance of burial customs, orientation, emblematic and symbolic forms of the sun; Sun revealed by science. Index.

Religion, Theology, Bible

RELIGION AND TEMPERAMENT. By Rev. J. G. Stevenson. 323p.8vo. *Funk & W.* \$1.25n.
"A popular study of their relations, actual and possible."

VITAL PROBLEMS OF RELIGION. By Rev. J. R. Cohn. Introd. by the Lord Bishop of S. Asaph. 303p.12mo. *Scrib.* \$2n.

Contents: Through nature to God; Problem of evil; Religion and science; Personality in man; Freedom of the will; Conscience, or God's voice within us; Religion and theology; Philosophy's living personal God—Father, Son and Holy Spirit—a philosophic creed.

THE PRINCIPLE OF AUTHORITY IN RELATION TO CERTAINTY, SANCTITY AND SOCIETY, AN ESSAY IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION; lectures By P. T. Forsyth. 485p.8vo. *Doran.* \$2.50n.

"The conviction of these pages is that the principle of authority is ultimately the whole religious question, that an authority of any practical kind draws its meaning and its right only from the soul's relation to its God, and this is so not only for religion strictly so called, nor for a church, but for public life, social life, and the whole history and career of humanity."—Prologue.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By Geo. Galloway. 614p.8vo. *Scrib.* \$2.50n.

Deals with the philosophy, not the theology, of religion. Treats subject under three main heads: 1, Nature and development of religion (phenomenological); 2, Religious knowledge and its validity (epistemological); 3, Ultimate truth of religion (ontological). Index. (*Internat. Theological Lib.*)

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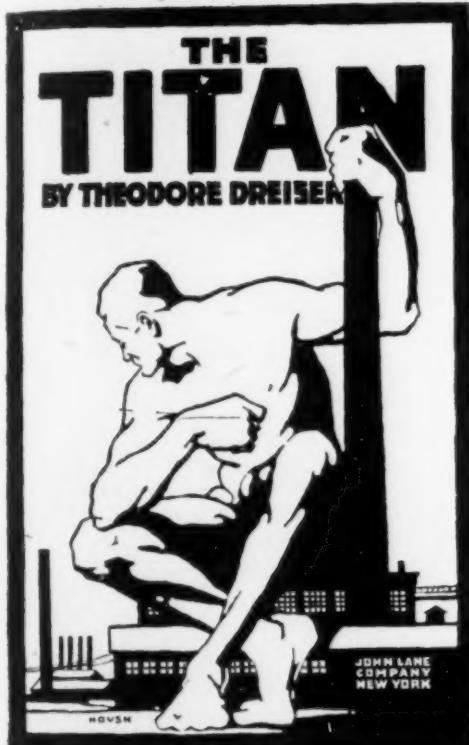
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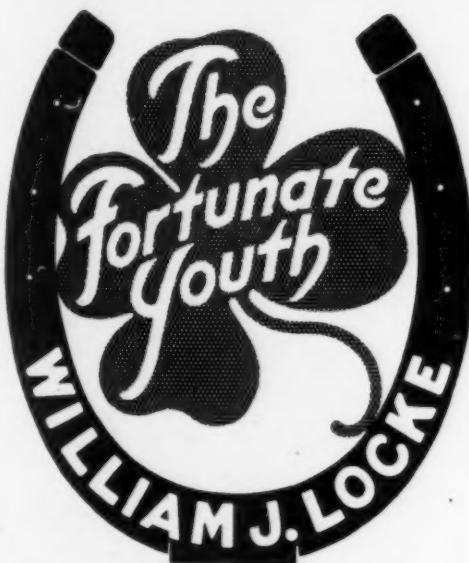
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